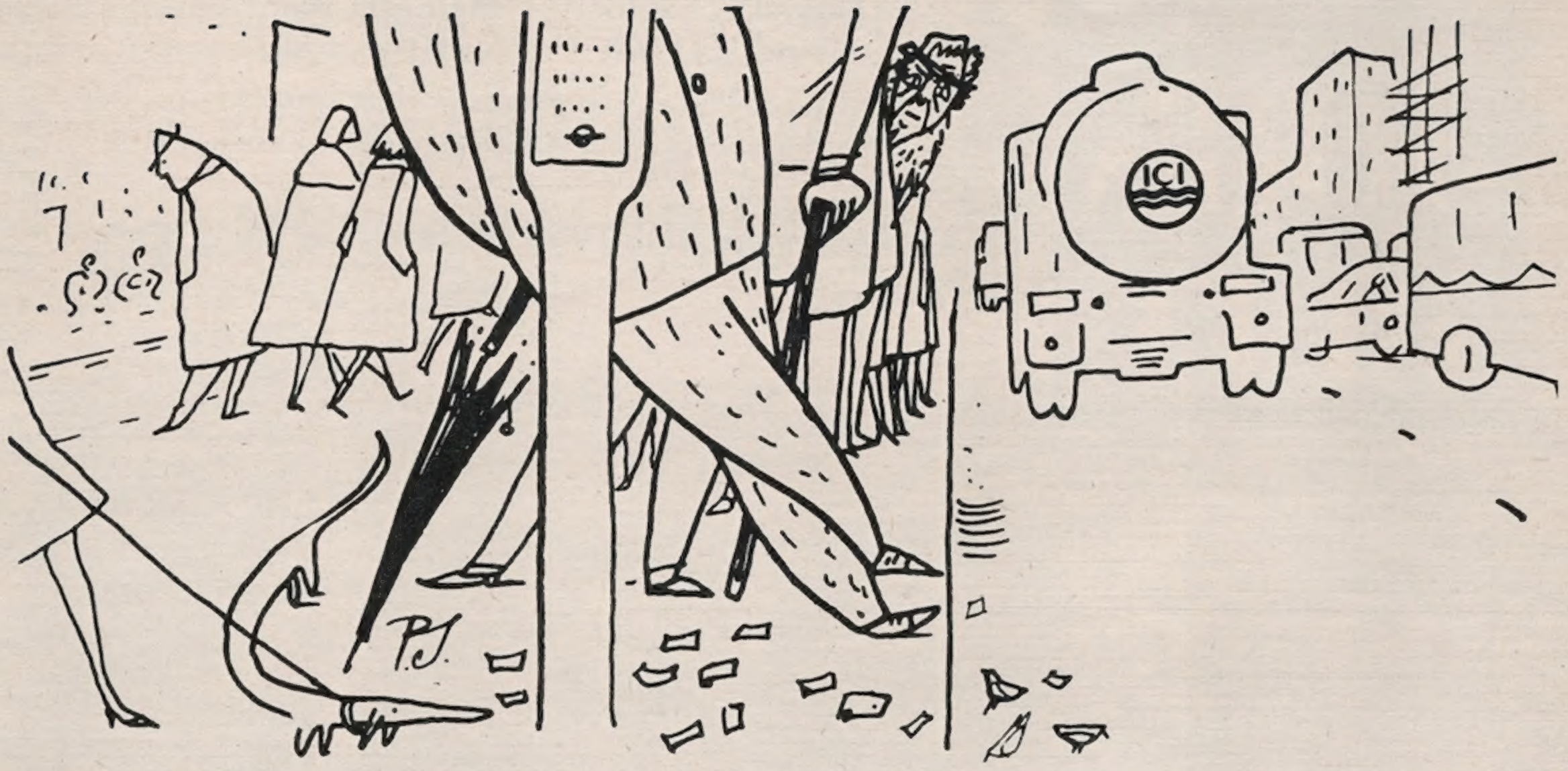
Week ending September 15 1956
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

England's Football Finds Its Feet
by
STAN CULLIS

Malcolm MacDonald's
vivid adventures among
the turbulent
BORNEO PEOPLE

Is Commercial TV a success? by Keith Ellis



the things they say!

I might have begged a lift of that tanker driver.

Why should he stop for you?

Well, I took the plunge some time ago, and bought some I.C.I. stock.

I.C.I.? Rubbing shoulders with the big brass, aren't you?

Not a bit of it. Most of the stockholders in I.C.I. are small investors like me.

That's hard to believe.

I used to think the same — until I checked the facts. The truth is, 85% of the stockholders hold, on the average, less than four hundred £1 units of stock each.

But the rest hold a nice little packet, I'll bet!

Wrong again. There are surprisingly few large holdings and most of those belong to life insurance companies, pension funds and investment trusts.

So the money is spread throughout a very wide circle, when you work it out.

Yes, but somebody must hold a controlling interest.

The business is too big for that to happen.

There are over 200,000 stockholders.

How are you so well up on your facts?

Well, my own son works for them, you know. There's another thing — he's a stockholder himself now. With the new profit-sharing scheme in full swing, more than 80,000 employees like him now have their own stake in the company.

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JOHN BULL

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

A love for animals started Mary Elwyn Patchett on her travels

AT the age of four, Mary Elwyn Patchett lopped a piece off a man's ear. He was a worker on her father's Queensland cattle station, where she was born and where the scene for her story on page 18 is set. "When I saw that the man had cut off the ears of his dog out of sheer bad temper," she recalls, "I picked up a pair of shears and tried to do the same to him."

Among people who, Mary Patchett admits, "do not on the whole care much about animals," such behaviour aroused suspicion, and she was promptly packed off on a cruise to Japan and the Barrier Reef. Her two great loves—animals and travel—had already achieved recognition.

When, more than twenty years later, she was a newspaper reporter in Sydney, Mary Patchett used to go out to the ocean-going liners in the harbour to report on eminent personalities on board. One day she herself sailed—to London, "most wonderful of cities." That was twenty-five years ago, and she has not seen Australia since.

During prewar trips to the Continent as a beauty culture expert she visited practically every zoo in Europe, and during the war she saw more of the world as a press censor in Trinidad and Bermuda. It is not surprising, therefore, that all her books have animal and travel themes.

Making radio and television appearances in between writing allows Mary Patchett little free time. But when she feels tired or over-worked she leaves her Hammersmith flat and rides on the top of a No. 9 bus through the streets of London. "A two-hour journey on that bus," she says, "is the perfect form of relaxation for me. What's more, it satisfies my travel bug—for a while."

IT is easy for Stan Cullis to write so confidently on page 17 of an English football revival. The success of the young school of players has justified his lifelong faith in the ability of youth to carry the day.

Cullis has learned from his own experience. At nineteen he captained Wolves, at twenty he was an international, at twenty-two he was captain of England. When, nine years later, he became manager of his old club he was the youngest in the League. That season Wolves won the F.A. Cup. In the dressing-room at Molineux hangs the slogan that sums up his football philosophy: "There is no substitute for hard work." He sets his teams an example by training daily with them—at the age of forty. And he gets the utmost out of them by a rare blend of tact and toughness.

It is not always an advantage, however, to be a manager with Cullis's zestful temperament. Authority has more than once frowned on his touchline exuberance. "Watching a game," Cullis explains a little sadly, "is far, *far* worse than playing in it. A critical spectator sees everything—and sometimes it's better not to."

Why Dunlopillo

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—because it is the world's most comfortable mattress, and the most economical too. With no stuffing or upholstery to get lumpy, it gives undiminished comfort for years and years. Dunlopillo is healthy because its millions of self-ventilating air cells never create dust or fluff. A Dunlopillo mattress never needs turning, and provides the ideal density for restful bodily support. In short Dunlopillo brings new comfort to life. Prices from 12 gns (3′ 0″) and 17 gns (4′ 6″).

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More people buy TIMEX than any other watch in the world

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A HEALTH AND BEAUTY HINT

A Special Word to Women

If women only knew how careful they ought to be if they want to keep well and healthy and retain their looks, how much better they would be.

That's why all women ought to know about the Juno-Junipah which more and more women are using every day.

Juno-Junipah is different from ordinary salts. It contains pure oil of Juniper. And it is gentle. It clears away, without any drastic purging, impurities from a woman's system. It keeps her complexion clear and fresh and helps to ward off Sick Headaches, Bilious Attacks and Rheumatic troubles like Lumbago and Sciatica.

Just try Juno-Junipah! You'll be surprised how soon you begin to feel better and look better, too. Your aches and pains will be relieved, your complexion and looks will improve, and you'll look and feel years younger.

If you prefer, the Juno-Junipah formula has been adapted to make pleasant little tablets. Ask your chemist for them.

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CHEWING GUM
Chew ARROWMINT your old Wrigley favourite with a new name. The delicious ARROWMINT flavour cheers you up and helps you feel refreshed. Get some packets today!
2d
PER PACKET

Free Speech

- **Do wives prefer drab clothes for men?**
- **First steps to good citizenship**
- **When danger zooms above the roofs**

UNTIL a few weeks ago I wore the customary dark suit for work. Then I rebelled and began going to the office in a comfortable sports jacket and flannels.

The reaction of the shipping company which I work for was that I could wear what I liked, so long as it was neat and in good repair. Before long, everyone else was following my example.

But my "fashion" lasted only for about a month. After that I noticed my colleagues gradually reverting to formality by wearing suits again. Each one sheepishly admitted that he had been persuaded back to a suit by his wife "if only to give the neighbours a decent impression."

It was brought home to me then that although it is women who talk the loudest about men's dull clothes, it is they, in fact, who encourage the fashion—in the interests of "respectability."—B. D. R., Liverpool.

As You Were

It is true that Norland Hall ("Free Speech," July 28) was dismantled and shipped from England to San Francisco. Today it stands in our Golden Gate Park in its original packing cases, covered by tarpaulins, just as it arrived forty-four years ago. —ROBERT M. PRICE, California, U.S.A.

The Awakening

I recently returned from Paris, awed by that city's fabulous monuments. But since then I have discovered gems of architectural genius beneath the grime of industrial Manchester—the John Rylands Library, the Town Hall, Platt Hall (a fine Georgian house now a gallery of English costume), the fifteenth-century cathedral, the modern Central Library, and the old Wellington Inn.

Thus a holiday on the Continent has opened my eyes to beauty that has been on my doorstep all the time. —J. TIPPETTS, JR., Levenshulme, Manchester, 19.

Old Fashioned

Recently a bus conductor gave me a George III penny dated 1806 in my change. I passed it back, but he said it was legal tender. On five occasions, however, I have had it handed back to me as not valid.—P. PARNELL, Bolton, Lancs.

"This coin is not legal tender," says the Royal Mint. "All copper coins dated before 1860, when a new issue was introduced, became invalid with effect from December 31, 1869."

An expert adds: "An 1806 coin might be worth a few shillings if it is in perfect condition. Otherwise it is worth nothing at all."

False Paradise

Professor J. L. B. Smith's reference to Pamanzi ("Old Fourlegs," JOHN BULL) doubtless interested ex-R.A.F. men who sweated out a spell there during the war.

From the air the island seemed to be a tropical paradise. But, as Professor Smith says, it is "as hot as hell," with a heavy humidity which causes prolific, unrelieved perspiration day and night.

The beautiful lagoon was shark-infested, and the food was poor and lacked variety. To augment rations, depth charges were dropped across the lagoon and many huge and colourful fish collected. But most of them were inedible.—C. C. GILBERT, Sandford, Bristol.

Spare The Victim

Surely it is misguided logic to want to penalize the victim of a felony ("Free Speech," August 25). To punish people who leave their ignition keys in their cars would be ridiculous. A man who is robbed in the street might just as well be fined because he didn't leave his money at home and failed to remove the source of temptation from the would-be thief. —T. S., Hall Green, Birmingham, 28.

Matter Of Form

Agatha Christie, in "Dead Man's Folly" (JOHN BULL, August 18), makes Hendon, the butler, say: "Dinner is served, my lady." As a butler of more than forty years' experience with titled families, I know this is incorrect, unless he is announcing lunch or dinner to just one person. When there are guests, he should say, "Dinner is served," adding no title, sir or madam. This is because he makes the announcement to the company as a whole and not merely to the host or hostess.—H. C. CLARK, Roche Avenue, Rochford, Essex.

Best Foot Forward

Ordinary schools could greatly help their pupils to become good citizens by teaching them a few vital social accomplishments in place of the more academic items in the curriculum. For boys, dancing and public speaking are essential. Executive jobs, on occasions, demand both.

Learning such accomplishments late in life is often difficult, but it would be an easy matter at school. —J. ELLIS, Wimbledon, London, S.W.19.

Low Fliers

Aircraft flying low over housetops is unnecessary and very frightening to animals and human beings, and should surely be stopped.

Two years ago, a girl taking riding lessons at a holiday camp near here was unseated when a plane flew low and scared the horse. She was in hospital for several weeks.—R. E. TIMMERMAN, Brookfield Avenue, Dover, Kent.

"No aircraft may fly below two thousand feet in built-up areas," says the Air Ministry. "There are exceptions for R.A.F. aircraft doing special training, but any pilot flying too low unofficially is severely punished. In fact, disobeying this rule has been responsible for cases of dismissal from the Service."

Foreshore Find

A few years ago a friend was walking along the seashore after a heavy storm when a dull piece of metal caught his eye. It turned out to be a Georgian guinea. I have heard that the finder has no legal claim to such

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

There's more beauty in Breeze!

Why is there more beauty in Breeze? Because Breeze gives you your birthright—a beauty that is all your own. The natural, fresh, clear loveliness that cannot be imitated, the country-fresh look, *the look you were born with.* The loveliest faces you see have this unspoilt beauty. Every day thousands upon thousands of women discover it for themselves. You can discover it too. How? By using Breeze.

Breeze is the way to this beauty. And what woman does not want to possess it? Buy a tablet today. You'll soon see why everyone's saying — *there's more beauty in Breeze.*

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Toilet size 7d. Family size 1/-

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CORNS
REMOVED WITH
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Say good-bye to clumsy Corn pads and risky razors—A new liquid NOXACORN ends pain in 60 Seconds. Dries up Callouses and Corns, roots and all; Saves untold misery: Contains pure Castor Oil, Iodine and pain-relieving Benzocaine.

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★ "SINCE USING NOXACORN . . . I HAVE NEVER BEEN TROUBLED."

(The originals of above may be seen on request).

Noxacorn is obtainable at Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylor and all Chemists.

Price 1/11½ including Purchase Tax

NOXACORN

Why do so many Doctors use one particular soap?

HAVE you ever wondered why so many Doctors in their own surgeries always use Wright's Coal Tar Soap to wash their hands?

It's not as if Wright's was a Medicated Soap.

The reason is that they have found Wright's keeps their hands softer, more sensitive and, of course, completely germ-free.

If Wright's can do this for Doctors, what can it do for you and your children?

Wright's Coal Tar Soap is the kindest toilet soap of all. It is kind to your skin; kind to your complexion, kind to your children—and so refreshing to use.

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR
TOILET SOAP
The Golden Tablet in Bath and Toilet sizes

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

a find and that he is liable to prosecution if he does not report it.—J. W. KEESE, South Benfleet, Essex.

"Failure to surrender to the police an article found can result in a charge of stealing by finding, unless it is impossible to identify," says a lawyer. "Valuable finds comprise treasure trove, which goes to the Crown. But it is the practice in this case to recompense the finder with a sum approaching the treasure's real value."

Between The Lines

For years I have resigned myself to the fact that I just haven't got the sort of magnetic personality which draws waiters to a customer in a restaurant immediately he sits down. But now all that is over. I have discovered an infallible technique—that

of settling down in my seat to read a book, the bigger the better. The sight of a customer reading seems to go against the grain with waiters, for within a minute or two I am working on my first course.—ERIC MILNE, Ilford, Essex.

Dangerous Caravans

I have noticed many powerful cars maintaining a steady forty miles an hour, apparently blissfully unaware that they have a wide caravan swaying dangerously behind them. If there is a speed limit on car-drawn caravans, it should be more strictly enforced.—J. C. LUCENA, Frenchay, Bristol.

There are speed limits for cars drawing caravans: thirty miles an hour for caravans with two wheels, and twenty miles an hour for those with four.

Another Wild One

Norah Burke's story of the elephant which charged a train ("The Wild One," JOHN BULL, August 18) really happened—about 1895, near Charkardarphur on the Plains of India.

My Scottish grandfather, James Bell, of Edinburgh, drove the train, the Bombay Mail, aboard which were a theatrical troupe, the Fanny Stanley company—and a honeymoon couple, as in the story.

When the driver saw the huge mass of the elephant looming up in the light of the moon he pulled the whistle lever and the elephant trumpeted in reply. But it ignored the warning. There was a head-on collision and the elephant's legs were broken.—VIOLET BEATRICE BOLTON, St. John's, Worcester.

Norah Burke says: "Many of my relatives were on the Indian railways, and that is how I got the idea for my story. But there have been many instances in real life where an elephant has fought a train. I was delighted to know of this incident. Some of the actions of the elephant in my story were based on the behaviour of the Kotdwara rogue elephant in the Indian jungle. I am glad that there was a real honeymoon couple on the train."

Harsh Justice

No judge should have the power to increase a sentence against which an appeal has been lodged. The person who appeals against, say, a four-month sentence which is extended to six or nine months, is surely the victim of great injustice.—F. M., Ulster, Northern Ireland.

"It is not really unjust," says a lawyer. "An appeal is, in effect, a request for a case to be looked into again. That being so, the Criminal Justice Act of 1948 empowers a judge to increase a sentence—to the maximum, if necessary—if he considers it inadequate, or reduce it if he thinks it is too severe."

Trade Expansion

I don't mind oranges being artificially coloured ("Free Speech," August 18), but I object to their being made bigger artificially. A fruiterer told me that this can be done by boiling them to make the skin swell.—P. B., Carlisle, Cumberland.

"An orange a few weeks old and shrivelled might increase in size with boiling, but only a dishonest trader would attempt it," says a fruiterer. "Most oranges are sold by weight today and a boiled orange would be no heavier."

No Change

I recently read of the government's decision to issue new, coloured five-pound notes. Surely they could also issue five-shilling pieces to replace, and assume the size of, the present half-crowns. In this way, money would be much lighter in the pocket.—K. K., Somerset.

"We are not considering striking a five-shilling piece at the moment," says the Royal Mint. "We are in constant touch with the banks, however, and if public demand is sufficient we shall definitely do so.

"Only an Act of Parliament could enable us to produce a small five-shilling piece. But no special authority is needed to increase an issue of a coin already approved."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

ANYTHING goes at that well-mannered hurly-burly, the church fête. But as the vicar's been pointing out for months now, *everything* has to go; home-made cakes, baby clothes, plaster animals, everything. The church roof fund has no pride. Why is it always the church roof that needs money? But why not, if it leads to a party? It's not often that public bar darts are played on the vicarage lawn, and the vicar rarely gets the chance to operate a gambling den. Even Batchelor, the cover artist, enjoyed it, and he only won a second-hand golliwog.

Here's my milk chocolate!
NESTLÉ's
NESTLÉ's
¼ lb milk
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NESTLÉ's MILK CHOCOLATE
IN THE RED & GOLD WRAPPER

DIFFERENT... for her, AERO—the milk chocolate that's different!

Chocolate lovers—please note!

YOU NOW GET A BIGGER AERO BLOCK FOR 6d

BY ROWNTREES

At the end of its first year ITV is fighting for higher standards, bigger audiences and a government subsidy

Battle of the TV screens

by KEITH ELLIS

Independent TV's opening night went off without a hitch—"a miracle," said an American executive

Competitions like *Beat The Clock* are popular. *Double Your Money* produced Plantagenet Somerset Fry (left), one of ITV's few new screen personalities

Dickie Leeman and Derek Roy invaded privacy for *People Are Funny*. Then questions were asked in Parliament

THE date was September 22, 1955. The time was eleven minutes and two seconds past 8 p.m. The occasion was the opening night of independent television in Britain. Two hundred thousand viewers in the London area had already watched Sir John Barbirolli conducting the Hallé Orchestra and had heard benedictory speeches from the Lord Mayor of London, the Postmaster-General and the Chairman of the Independent Television Authority.

The compère, Jack Jackson, appeared on the screen. "Now," he said, "the moment you've all been waiting for."

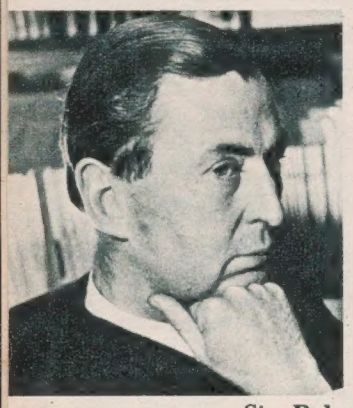
A button was pressed, and viewers watched their first commercial with a mixture of interest and uneasiness. While some had believed ITV would become a worthwhile alternative to the B.B.C., others had seen it as a conspiracy of advertising men who would relentlessly drive down programme standards to grab a mass audience.

After twelve months, public and critics are still divided. But no one can deny that ITV has caught on. When stations opened in Birmingham and Manchester more than half the population came within range of ITV. According to Television Audience Measurement, a research organization whose findings are accepted by advertisers, programme contractors and I.T.A., 1,655,000 families now own sets capable of receiving ITV. On average, they have divided their viewing time approximately two to one in favour of ITV. The B.B.C.'s audience research puts the ratio at three to two in favour of ITV.

At rates rising to £1,000 a minute at peak time, hundreds of advertisers have spent an estimated £10 million on commercials. They range from industrial giants like Unilever, Shell and British Motor Corporation to small retail businesses and the man who bought five seconds for £35 to advertise for an unfurnished flat. Last June Sir Bernard Docker made broadcasting history by buying time to put his case to the B.S.A. shareholders.

Surprisingly, the public took to the advertisements. In presenting its commercials, ITV has

FOUR VIEWS ON INDEPENDENT TV



Sir Robert Fraser, left, director-general of I.T.A.: "... part of our national life." Christopher Mayhew, Labour M.P.: "The advertisers want to appeal to morons"

Sir Beverley Baxter, left, Conservative M.P. and writer: "Commercial TV is a flop." Lew Grade of A.T.V.: "How can the views of 50,000 compare with those of 500,000?"

made few serious blunders. The worst was when the last speech of Hamlet was cut to make room for an orange juice advertisement. There was a storm of criticism. The producer, Peter Brook, said: "It was ridiculous. I wanted only another thirty seconds to finish the play."

Sir Robert Fraser, the suave director-general of the Independent Television Authority, sums up: "Independent television is here and it works. In its first twelve months it has become an established part of our national life."

Yet criticism of ITV has been prolonged and bitter. It has cut across all party lines. Sir Beverley Baxter, Conservative M.P. for Southgate, wrote an article headed: "Commercial TV is a flop." In a House of Lords debate, Lord Wilmot, a former Labour Minister, described it as "this nightly poison in the homes of working people."

From the beginning, viewers have noticed a definite pattern in the programmes of the various contractors. A.T.V., whose chairman is Prince Littler and whose chief executive director is Val Parnell, has specialized in elaborate variety shows like *Sunday Night at the London Palladium*. It has presented stars of international standing like Gracie Fields, Lena Horne and Liberace. It also started a new trend in British TV with the American domestic situation comedy series *I Love Lucy*.

A.-R. has concentrated on drama. Its greatest popular successes have been filmed series like *Gun Law* (a Western) and *Dragnet* (the adventures of a Los Angeles policeman) which had already proved their drawing power in America. It also built Peter Sellers into television's comedian of the year. *A Show Called Fred* was by universal consent the most brilliant, witty and original of all ITV's comedy shows.

Both A.T.V. and A.-R. have exploited to the full quiz shows and other forms of give-away programmes. These depend for their effect on robust humour, suspense and the thrill of identification with contestants who stand to win thousands of pounds. They include *Take Your Pick, Beat the Clock, Turnabout, What's It All About?* and *The 64,000 Question*, an imitation of the American *64,000-Dollar Question*, with sixpences instead of dollars.

Ironically, it was a quiz show called *Double Your Money* which threw up one of the very few ITV personalities to capture the public imagination, Plantagenet Somerset Fry, a pale, red-bearded Oxford undergraduate. For the duration of the quiz he was a national figure. People without television avidly read about his progress in their newspapers.

MANY people have condemned the give-away shows. "The give-away quiz represents the extreme low-water mark of mass entertainment," wrote one critic. Another said: "All they prove is that people are greedy."

The most criticized of all was Derek Roy's show, *People Are Funny*, which humiliated not only the challengers but people unconnected with the show who lived within range of its outside broadcast apparatus. Typical stunts were: challengers posing as paper-hangers and entering a near-by home; a small boy left at a house and told to make as much mess as he could; and a woman, holding a fake baby, who had to single out a total stranger in a bus queue and, pointing her finger at him, shout: "He is the father of my child."

After questions in Parliament, the I.T.A. quietly told A.T.V. to cut the outside stunts. The programme's run of thirteen weeks was not extended.

The contractors regard their concentration on light entertainment as inevitable. Val Parnell says: "We're in the business to try to make money. We have to put on programmes that get majority viewing to attract the advertisers."

His henchman, Lew Grade, chips in: "Anyway, how can the views of 50,000 people compare with the views of 500,000?"

The struggle for a mass audience dominated the whole of ITV's first year. The opening date itself was fixed to capture the large winter audience. After only nine months of preparation, ITV opened on time and, unlike every

WHEN CULTURE FAILED, LIGHT

At first Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé times. When advertisers got restive, they

B.B.C. opening night, ITV's had no breakdown.

Both companies had to overcome tremendous difficulties which continued long after opening night. Television House, headquarters of both London contractors and Independent Television News, had to be converted and for months was virtually a building-site. One day, the water was cut off; on another, the electricians went on strike and everyone had to work by candle-light.

In the studios, conditions were still more difficult. In the derelict New Cross Empire the control-room was an outside broadcast unit standing in the yard outside. There was a hole in the roof of the theatre and during a session of *Free Speech* snow fell on the speakers. Another programme was interrupted by the twittering of birds.

These difficulties, coupled with a shortage of technicians and producers (ITV poached a nucleus of five hundred from the B.B.C.) meant that the contractors had to fall back on films, often American. Also, staffs had to work long and hard. Bill Lyon-Shaw, A.T.V.'s top variety producer, says: "We do everything twice as fast as the B.B.C. In my last twelve months at Lime Grove, I produced fourteen shows. In eleven months here, I produced sixty-seven."

Such hurry probably explains the lack of polish on many of ITV's programmes. Critics have complained of poor continuity, under-rehearsal and feeble scripts.

Criticism has also been levelled at the content of the programmes. Christopher Mayhew, Labour M.P. for Woolwich East, said: "British advertisers want only programmes that appeal to us as morons with mass minds."

When I.T.A. orginally chose the programme contractors, it warned them that they would need a capital of at least £2½ million and that they would not start to make a profit for at least two years. (In America, it was four years before commercial television paid its way.) The losses

Gun Law, a popular Western film series, was bought from America

The *Adventures of Sir Lancelot* series has been sold to the U.S.A.

VARIETY TOOK OVER

Orchestra were televised at peak were relegated to the late evening

Sunday Night at the London Palladium is A.T.V.'s top show. Val Parnell, who presents it, says: "We're in the business to try to make money. We have to get majority viewing to attract the advertisers"

came quickly. In the first six months, A.-R. was calculated to have lost £500,000.

There were many causes. In a confidential speech to his staff, Captain Tom Brownrigg, A.-R.'s general manager, admitted that administration was top-heavy. Overheads were also high. Collectively the contractors have paid £1,750,000 rent to I.T.A. Production costs averaged £2,000 an hour.

Until the Midlands and Manchester stations opened, there was no way of networking the programmes to divide the costs. When they did open, a row between A.T.V. and A.-R. resulted in networking being abandoned immediately after it had started.

Worst of all, advertising, ITV's main source of revenue, was failing. At first advertisers had taken time as an act of faith. Now they wanted to see results. Surveys showed that the audiences for morning shows were disastrously low and in one week A.-R. sold only 3½ minutes out of a possible 37½ minutes. More serious still, advertisers were not taking up all the more expensive time in the evenings.

THE Television Act requires "that the programmes maintain a proper balance in their subject matter and a high general standard of quality." For the first few months, programmes like the Hallé Orchestra, *Free Speech*, *Foreign Press Club* and *The Scientist Replies* went out at peak times. Then the axe fell. The Hallé Orchestra was relegated from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m., *The Scientist Replies* scrapped. The reason was clear. These programmes were not attracting enough viewers.

Independent Television News suffered in the same way. From the beginning, it had been one of ITV's most successful experiments. Viewers quickly took to newscasters like Chris Chataway, Ludovic Kennedy and Robin Day who injected their own personalities into the news. They also preferred the enterprising choice of items.

But the programme contractors were less certain. When audiences began to fall off during news bulletins, they reduced the seven o'clock bulletin from fifteen minutes to seven and cut three minutes off the ten o'clock. Because viewers tended to switch off after hearing the later bulletin, they moved it to 10.45 p.m. The climax came when Aidan Crawley, the editor-in-chief, resigned.

Sir Kenneth Clark, chairman of I.T.A., admitted that I.T.A. was allowing schedules to be overloaded with popular programmes to maintain large audiences for advertisers. "When you are established, or secure, you can gradually build up programmes to a higher level."

The only alternative is government assistance. When the Television Act was passed, it contained a clause by which the government was empowered to grant I.T.A. £750,000 a year. The aim was to help pay for minority programmes which would not attract advertisers. The Post-master-General described it as "a basic part of this scheme."

On July 31, the Treasury informed I.T.A. that it could not have the money this year. "We feel frightfully disappointed about it," says Sir Robert Fraser. He points out that in 1955-56 the gross yield of licence fees rose by £3 million to £11,500,000. Yet I.T.A. collects not a single penny.

"If we had the money," says Sir Robert, "we should let the programme companies know that we were prepared to make grants towards the cost of such programmes as serious discussions and documentaries."

In default of the £750,000, Sir Robert is hoping that the contractors will themselves balance programmes when they are able. Already A.T.V. puts out *Free Speech*, *Personal Column*, *Paper Talk* and *Midland Affairs*, all discussion programmes. It was also the first company (including the B.B.C.) to put a weekly religious programme on the air.

A.-R. has *This Week*, a documentary series called *Look In On London* and the Hallé Orchestra. It has put on classics like *Hamlet* and Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*.

Now, at the end of the first year, ITV is in a much stronger position financially. A.-R. has made some much-needed economies. It has sacked three hundred of its 1,200 staff and reduced its technical facilities by a third.

The two major companies have resolved their difference over networking. And A.T.V. has sold to America two film series—*The Adventures of Sir Lancelot* and *The Buccaneer*—for £1 million.

Most important of all, the policy of concentrating on popular programmes has had the effect of raising and keeping a higher and higher proportion of an ever-increasing audience. Also advertisers have come back, and autumn and winter time is already heavily booked.

The omens for ITV are good. Within the next few months, a station will be opened in Yorkshire. In autumn 1957, two more will be opening in Scotland and South Wales. Together, they will bring ITV within range of 11,500,000 more people.

The programme contractors are moving gradually into a period in which, by their own reckoning, they can improve quality and variety. But Sir Robert Fraser warns: "Television is a popular medium. If you do not serve the public as it wants to be served, you're out.

"We will renew our efforts to get some of the £750,000. If we are unsuccessful, we will relate the introduction of balancing programmes to what is possible financially." THE END

A Show Called Fred was hailed as one of ITV's most brilliant comedies. Peter Sellers, centre, became TV's comedian of the year as the star

An all-female panel is the feature of A.T.V.'s new parlour game, *Yakity Yak*. Acting as chairman is McDonald Hobley, once a B.B.C. announcer

This interview was Frank's final chance. The man behind the desk could save him from ruin—unless he remembered their . . .

LAST ENCOUNTER

by N. J. CRISP

It was the morning of the interview. Frank Bellamy ate his breakfast doggedly, although his stomach felt as if it were full of gunshot. He glanced again at his watch.

"You've plenty of time, dear," said his wife.

He smiled, with an effort. "I'm sorry. I'm a bit nervous."

"You needn't be," she said seriously. "If you don't get this job, there'll be another one."

He didn't contradict her. Instead he wondered, not for the first time, how this still-beautiful woman could have such faith in a man who had made as many mistakes as he, Frank Bellamy, had. Against all the evidence of experience, she believed in him, in his ability. Through the frustration, the disappointments, she remained constant, quietly convinced that he amounted to something.

Even these last months, when life had seemed a quick march towards ruin, she had not despaired, as he sometimes had. When this last chance appeared, like an unexpected lifebelt bobbing away in front of him, she remained calm. He couldn't.

Oddly enough, this chance was the result of desperation. He'd tried all the usual things, the appointments bureau, answering advertisements, writing to personnel managers, with no result. He wasn't surprised. His record was bad enough if he could talk about it, explain it. Put down on paper, it looked ghastly. . . .

Three weeks before, he had thrown his pride away, and gone to the aircraft factory. He had filled in a form, and then sat waiting until a girl came in, smiled pleasantly, and said: "The personnel manager will see you now."

The office he entered was streamlined and efficient-looking. A man stood up behind a glass-topped desk, shook his hand, and said: "Glad to see you, Mr. Bellamy. Sit down. My name is Morgan."

Frank sat down and waited while Morgan read through his application form again. Then Morgan looked up and said briskly: "It's only fair to tell you right away that we promote our executive staff from within our own organization. Sorry, but it's company policy. I thought I had better explain to you personally, since you've taken the trouble to come along."

He held out the application form. Frank didn't take it. He cleared his throat, and said: "I came about the job you advertised."

Morgan gave a friendly smile. "I think you must have misread the advertisement, Mr. Bellamy. We want a timekeeper."

Frank said indistinctly: "So I understand." He cleared his throat again. "It said that no previous experience was necessary."

Morgan lost his smile. "But surely you came out of the R.A.F."—he glanced at the application form—"with the rank of squadron leader?"

"Flight lieutenant," said Frank. "I was a squadron leader for a while, but that was acting rank."

"Oh, yes. I see. Nevertheless, we don't normally get ex-officers, young ex-officers, applying for a job like this."

It was bad enough, Frank thought bitterly, to live with your failure, without having to hold it up in public like a man examining an old suit for moth holes.

"I saw the advertisement, and I want to apply for the job," he said doggedly.

Morgan pushed a box of cigarettes across the desk, and flicked a desk lighter. When he spoke again it was in a kinder tone. He said: "I can only guess at the difficulties which could have made you consider a job like this."

Which would you put first, Frank wondered. *The school fees, the debts, or simply just living . . . ?*

"I'm not going to deny," Morgan went on, "that you could do the job on your head, and I wish I could help. But I must be fair to my company. You're in some sort of temporary difficulty, but I can't imagine a man like you, a man with a distinguished flying record, being content for long with a little job. Before long you'd be looking for something else, and then we should lose our timekeeper."

"I see."

"Sorry."

Frank sat sunk, for a moment, in humiliation. He had always imagined that, when the worst came, he would be able to lower his sights. But he appeared to excite the same suspicion, whether he was applying for a managerial or a menial post.

Morgan said: "Can you spare a few minutes? Don't take too much notice of this, but it may be . . . I've got a few contacts. Would you tell me a bit about yourself?"

"Gladly, if you think it's any use."

"I can't offer you anything, but if I knew what the trouble was. . . ."

"In what way?"

"Let's try and be honest shall we? You're in the middle thirties. Educated. An ex-officer, with one or two achievements, at one time at any rate. You seem like a man with some ability. What the devil are you doing, looking for a job at a few miserable pounds a week?" Morgan paused. "If you're not too proud to accept advice, perhaps help. . . ."

"No," Frank said. "Not now."

"Not now? Has that been your trouble?"

Frank looked back—back over the disputes, the angry words, the self-justification. "No, I don't think so," he said slowly. "Though I do seem to have a gift for antagonizing people." He hesitated. "It's difficult to see oneself objectively, but I have always thought of myself as a man of principle, unwilling to accept what is false and untrue, unable to accept the shoddy or the makeshift. It makes a nice picture, doesn't it?"

"It's beginning to make one for me. Go on."

"I've had plenty of chances, but never got anywhere. Oh, once, yes, I was a squadron leader. I had my picture in a newspaper. They were going to write an article about me, but it never came off."

"Why not?"

"I told the reporter that I thought the stuff he'd written about me was drivelling, sentimental mush."

Morgan began to laugh. Frank grinned sheepishly. "It was true," he said.

"No doubt," Morgan said, chuckling. "Have you been going round telling people home-truths like that?"

"Seeking for an opportunity? No. But if I've seen something that I thought was wrong, I've said so. And I've said it to a man's face, regardless of rank or position."

"I suppose you once told an air commodore what you thought of him, and that was why you were only a flight lieutenant when you came out of the R.A.F.?"

"He was a group captain at the time. He became an air commodore later."

Morgan tapped his teeth thoughtfully with a pencil. "Have you been ready to take your own medicine?"

"I hope so."

"You will have been told that you are arrogant?"

Frank flushed and clenched his fist. Then, deliberately, he forced his anger to drain away. "Yes," he said. "I've been told that. By myself. When it's all over, when I've cooled down, sometimes I've said that and worse. But is it as simple as that? All right, I've been hot-headed or worse, and because of that I've done and said things I've been bitterly sorry for. But. . . ." He paused.

"But what?"

"It hasn't always been arrogance. I've seen injustice, incompetence, inefficiency. When I see it I say so. Is that wrong?"

"Surely the trouble is that in such cases you are prosecuting counsel, jury and judge."

"I appreciate that. But it seems to me that, at the risk of being wrong, a man must be true to his convictions. Otherwise he's a vegetable."

"An unpopular doctrine," sighed Morgan, "and a rare one. Most people find it more convenient to temper ardour with discretion, and

Frank looked anxiously at his watch ; Jane smoothed his lapels. "All right, darling," she said. "You can go now. . . . I've got a feeling about this job"

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

What cruel luck that this should be the man to decide his future! But Frank began to hope. North did not seem to recognize him . . .

they approach the crusade with caution. If you debate about it long enough, the need for the crusade will usually have disappeared."

Frank examined the fray in his cuff. "I suppose it pays off better," he said. He got up and held out his hand. "This may be entertaining," he said, "but I don't think it's leading anywhere, and it's certainly wasting your time."

Morgan smiled, as he rose too. "The man of action," he said. "You've told me a great deal. Leave it with me, will you?"

It was a curious, inconclusive ending. Frank felt it was probable that Morgan had no intention of going farther.

Then, a fortnight later, he silently offered his most sincere apologies in Morgan's direction. For out of the blue a letter had arrived, giving details of a vacancy with the massive Esterby Corporation, and asking him to fill in an application form and return it immediately.

He posted it by return. After that the days seemed to double in length, and he impatiently met the postman each morning.

He told himself that he was being stupid. A senior position, with a salary that seemed to him to be fabulous . . . what would they want with a man who had taken such decisive wrong turnings?

Then, like the answer to a prayer, it came; a letter, on sober, expensive notepaper. He was to attend at the headquarters of the Esterby Corporation for an interview. . . .

Frank looked anxiously at his watch, and then at the kitchen clock. His wife smiled. She said: "All right, darling. You can go now." She smoothed his lapels, and touched his tie lightly into place. "They'll like you, you'll see. I've got a feeling about this job."

"I'm going to try," he said earnestly. "No disputes. No arguments. They'll think I'm a model applicant."

"You'll do it."

He kissed her. "I hope you're right."

When Frank arrived at the imposing Esterby office block the porter said: "You're a little bit early, sir—so if you'd wait in the reception office, please. . . ."

He opened a door and ushered Frank in. Frank sat on the edge of a deep armchair, and then saw that he shared the office with a girl. She looked at him and made a note in a large book. Frank smiled and nodded. She took no notice.

Frank supposed that she was the receptionist, and that applicants for executive positions were ten a penny to her. Just the same he wished that she would talk to him. He also wished that the interview were over.

The telephone on the desk buzzed and the girl answered it. She said: "Very well, sir. In two minutes."

She sat back in her chair, polishing her nails lazily. Frank tried to catch her eye, but couldn't. He said: "Is the ordeal due to begin?"

"Yes." She cocked an eye at the sweeping seconds hand of the clock. "In one minute, thirty seconds."

He said, smiling: "Is it really timed to the second?"

"Yes."

FRANK sat back, and furtively watched the second hand of his watch creep round the dial. It took a long time to do it. Then, abruptly, the girl stood up and beckoned him across the room. She opened a door and led him through. "Along this corridor, turn right, and it's the door at the end."

Frank braced himself, then walked swiftly along the corridor. He found the right door, and knocked on it. A thin plaque said in small gold letters: "Mr. North."

The door opened, and North said, shaking his hand: "Come in. Sit down."

Frank sat in the leather armchair facing a big desk. North was a powerful, heavy man with a solid, handsome face spoiled only by a crooked nose. It wasn't a face that would easily be forgotten, and although it was sixteen years since Frank had seen it, he recognized him instantly.

Now the name came back to him through the years. North! Of course—that was it. How could he ever have forgotten? But what cruel, what damnable luck, that this should be the man to decide his future!

North picked up some papers, and leafed them. He said: "You will forgive me, Mr. Bellamy, if I refresh my memory about you."

Frank answered the routine questions automatically, his eyes fixed on North, who seemed quite unconcerned. Didn't he remember . . . ?

It had been soon after Frank joined the R.A.F. as an aircrew cadet that he became aware of North. North was rather older, reserved, yet very self-confident. Frank realized today that North must have pulled a few strings to get on flying at all, but he hadn't thought of that then. It was difficult to recapture the atmosphere of those days. There had been the hectic tense business of learning to fly, which, at the age of twenty, seemed to be the most important thing in the world.

Except, perhaps, Myra. . . .

Myra was fair and lovely and exciting, and

Continued on page 38

HOW TO BUY FURNITURE

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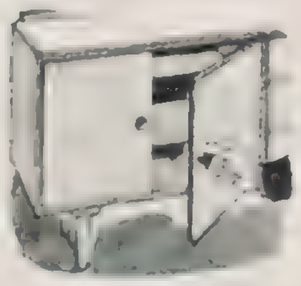

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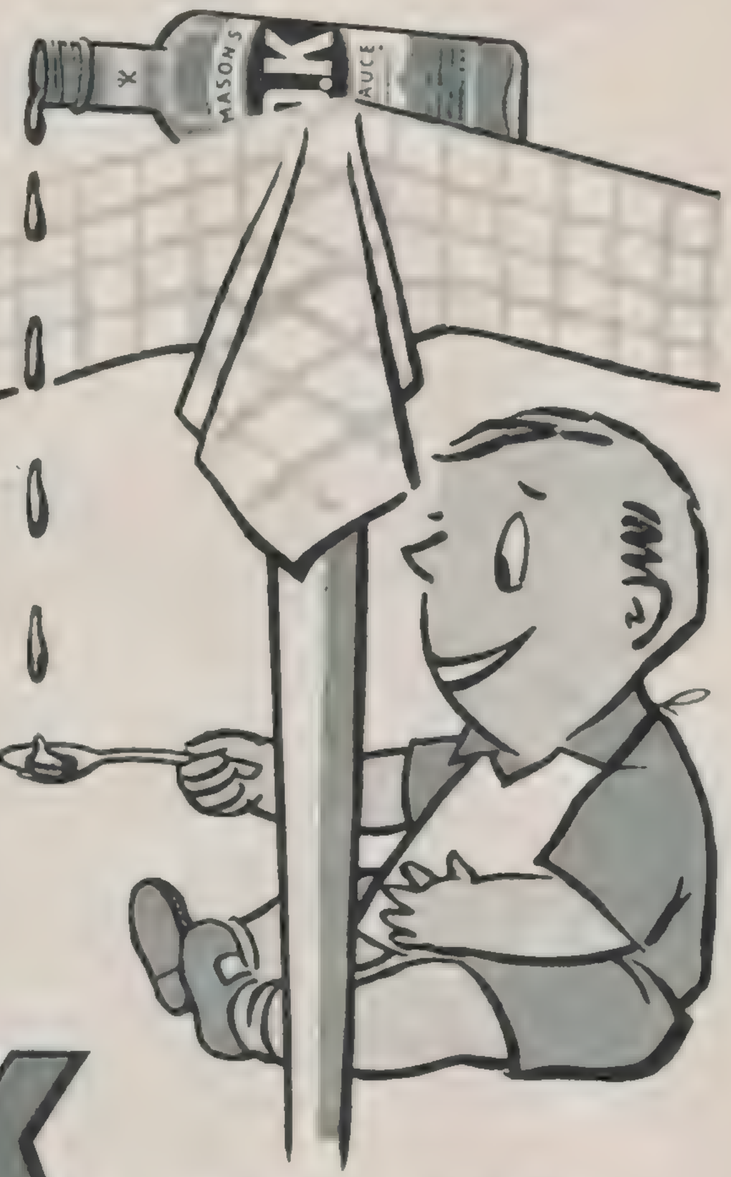
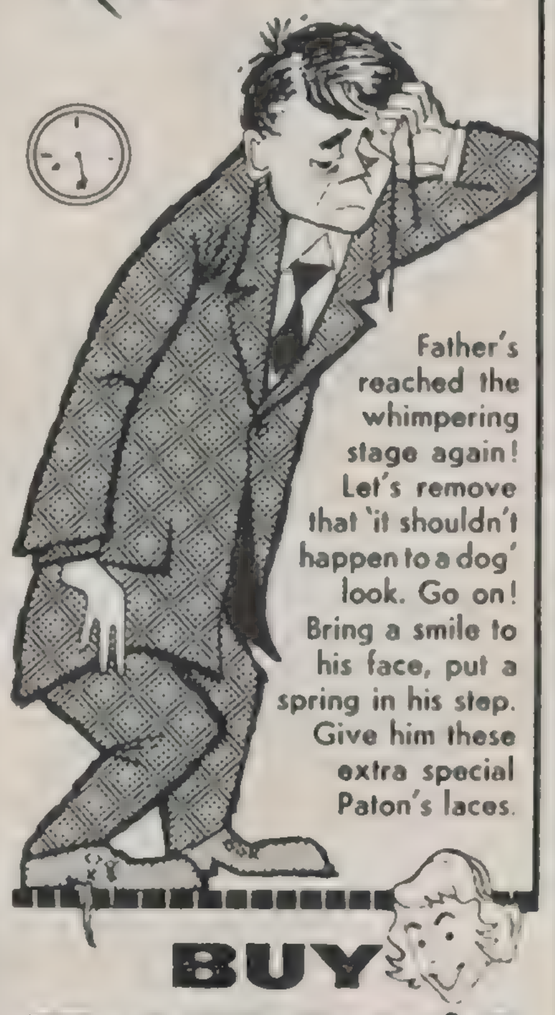


Oh no! KNOT AGAIN


Father's reached the whimpering stage again! Let's remove that 'it shouldn't happen to a dog' look. Go on! Bring a smile to his face, put a spring in his step. Give him these extra special Paton's laces.

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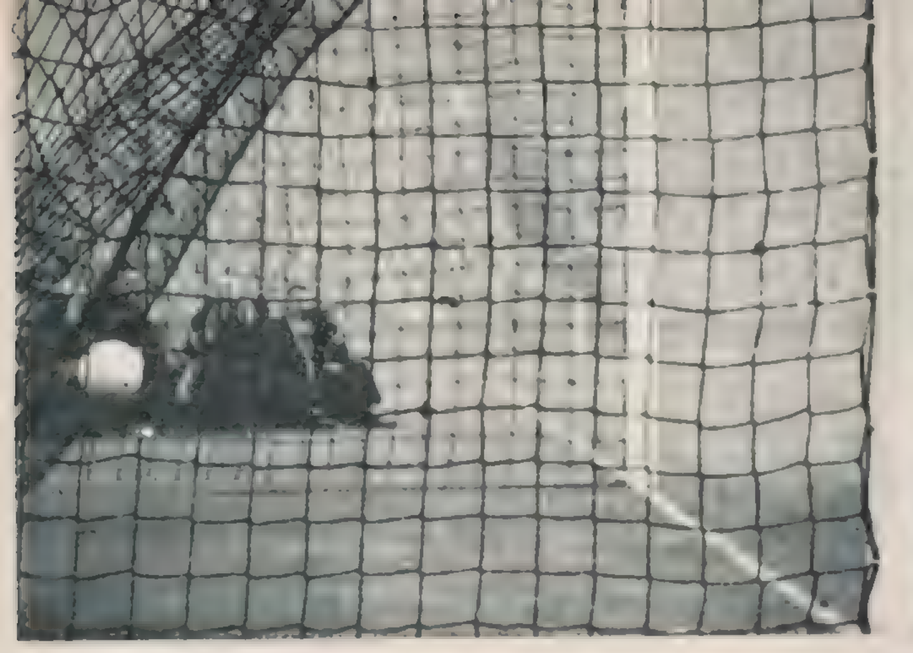


November 1953—the end of an era : Hungary add a sixth goal to complete England's first home defeat

STAN CULLIS, Wolverhampton Wanderers' dynamic, outspoken manager, assesses the signs of a lasting revival. "The time for patronizing references to English soccer is past"

England's football finds its feet

The youngsters trained by postwar methods can win their country international glory

Reg Matthews (23)

Johnny Haynes (21)

Duncan Edwards (20)

Tommy Taylor (23)

AT a banquet in Moscow, after the match in which Wolves were beaten 3-0 by Spartak just over a year ago, an English-speaking official of the Russian club took me to one side.

He congratulated me on the way my team, short of match practice after the summer lay-off, had stood up to the superb Spartak side. Then he told me: "When your players' individual skill has caught up with their stamina and fighting spirit, you will be on top of the world again."

The remark was directed at a single club side among the ninety-two in English League soccer, but it was equally applicable to the rest of England's football at that time. However, I would like to have had that friendly but slightly condescending Russian beside me in the Olympic Stadium, Berlin, on May 26 this year.

On that day England beat Germany, winners of the last World Cup competition, by three goals to one. Thus one of the youngest international teams England have fielded—its average age was twenty-four and a half—capped a season of unbroken success against overseas sides. Its record was five wins and a draw out of six matches, scoring twenty-one goals to six.

My Russian friend would have had to agree that the time for patronizing references to English soccer is now past. Both in the manner of England's football as well as in the results over the last season, all the signs of a lasting revival are there.

More: I believe we are poised now for a climb to standards even higher than those of my own playing days—the prewar era when England were acknowledged masters of the soccer world.

While I regard my prewar England colleagues like Carter, Lawton and Hapgood as among the best the game has produced, I believe we have been lagging behind the Continentals for technical skill for longer than many people think. The signs were there in the middle thirties and the foreign teams I played against in 1939 were making the point very plainly.

Anyone who watched England bedazzled and beaten 6-3 by the Hungarians at Wembley three years ago must have been struck by the visitors unimpeachable all-round efficiency.

Their switching from the long to the short passing game, their individual ball juggling merging into the pattern of team play and their crisply effective shooting were more like the unrolling of an instructional film than the hurly-burly of an international.

In fact, government medical and scientific research departments both in Hungary and in Russia have been concentrating on the problems of producing better, fitter players. They are

Continued on page 33

May 1956—a new era begins. Grainger scores in England's win at Berlin over the world champions, Germany

Joey sat miserably—and thought about running away. But where could he go? And where would he be when the darkness came . . .?

ILLUSTRATED BY OSTRICK

BIRTH OF A MAN

by MARY ELWYN PATCHETT

A terrified boy . . . alone with his fears in this wild land. But Joey had to win his father's love; he dare not run away now

As long as he could remember, and that was for nearly six of his eight years, Joey had disliked the darkness. It frightened him more because he had no one to ask about this fear.

Right at the beginning it seemed connected with his mother, with the sound of muffled footsteps and whispering voices, and the feeling that he mustn't call out unless he wanted a slap that stung for a long time and left him sniffling to himself, catching his breath until sleep came.

Then, when he was taken to the home, his mother wasn't there any more. They didn't slap him, but the bigger boys knew he was afraid of the dark even though he'd never told them, and they played tricks on him. Sometimes his open, desperate eyes saw a shadow that was blacker than the darkness around him; something solid, formless. As it came closer he told himself despairingly that he had only to close his eyes and it wouldn't be there. But he couldn't close his eyes. He could only stare into the blackness—and wait. Sometimes he waited so long that the solid darkness dissolved, but at other times it moved towards him, leaned over him so that its hot breath was on his face while it made snarling noises.

Then came the sound of giggles and scuffles breaking through his own screams, the opening door and a grown-up voice asking: "Who's that making a noise?"

No one would answer then, until Joey's small voice piped: "I—I called out——"

"You're a naughty boy. Go to sleep, or you'll wake the others. You've had a nightmare."

The comforting light from the torch would retreat in a kaleidoscope of shadows thrown against the wall, while Joey pulled the thin covering over his head and lay trembling there until sleep came.

Then, all at once, the whole quality of his nights changed. His father came for him and took him to live in the bush.

His father was a tall man with a harsh, sunburned face. Joey admired him terribly, but he was terribly afraid of him, too. Perhaps his father would get tired of him and send him back to the home.

Joey tried very hard not to make his father tired of him, just as his father tried to control his impatience with the little boy. Any responses to pathetic attempts to please him were stifled by his fear of appearing sentimental. The embarrassment this thought caused him sent him back into his harsh shell. The law that compelled Jim Meehan to take his child could not give him an understanding of the boy.

Jim thought back to his own childhood. He'd been one of seven kids crowded into a bark humpy. He remembered his silent, leathery parents, his brothers and sisters with their red-rimmed eyes, the result of the eternal fly-plagues bringing sandy-blight. All the children chopped wood and carried water as soon as they could stagger. They helped their rabbiter-father to clear his traps and reset them.

What would Joey do if he found a small rabbit caught by the leg, squealing its fear and pain? Joey would stand white-faced, then run for help. He would not turn the edge of his hand and with a quick rap behind the ears put the small thing out of its misery.

Joey was afraid of animals, afraid of the dark—afraid of him. He *had* to be hard on Joey, how else could he make a man of him?

In a dim way Joey realized this, and he understood that it was up to him. He felt more than ever small and lost, but he did try.

Jim and his son lived alone in a two-roomed hut on his small property three hundred miles from Sydney. Successive droughts had almost cleaned him out. Each time he was getting on his feet, the sun rose in the brazen sky day after brilliant day until he had to start all over again. Now, to his desperate struggle for a bare living, had been added the responsibility of Joey; Joey the town kid, the incompetent, the exasperating.

One thing, he said to himself, worried as he was and worn by the drought to a point where anything was an added irritation; if he had to keep the kid, then Joey must learn to be useful like any other bush boy.

Jim got up at five and woke Joey. They'd always dressed Joey at the home because it was quicker that way. Now he had to dress himself, and his father got impatient if he took too long about it. In the two-roomed humpy, built of roughly adzed logs and roofed with corrugated iron, he learned to build the fire in the open fireplace.

At first Joey just followed his father about like a bewildered puppy. Jim gritted his teeth and tried to put up with it. The fear that his father would get sick of having him around made Joey watch for anything he could do to help, until, as the months went by, his thin legs and arms, his bony little boy's body and sickly face browned and toughened. He tried to do any job that his father threw casually in his way. Often his strength wasn't up to it and he failed humiliatingly. His father never said anything, but Joey was sure he could see contempt in his eyes. He never guessed that his father had looked away to hide his pity.

Although the little boy's body strengthened, his mind remained a morass of fears. Ever present was the fear that his father would send him back to the home. Even more harassing was his horror of the animals. They seemed so huge. Trixie, the mare with her strain of draught blood, simply terrified him. Her great nose bumped impatiently against his small shoulder and all but knocked him over. When he stood against her, the enormous hairy body rose over him like the iron side of some great ocean liner towering over a dinghy. When his father told him to duck under her huge belly with the surcingle, he was almost sick with fear. But worst of all was the frightful clopping of her big hooves. The thought of these coming down on his bare feet haunted him.

Then there were the three cows. With the little feed he had, Jim tried to keep his tiny remnant of stock going. The horse and the three milkers were about all he had left. The milkers were turned out during the day along with their two calves, to pick up what food they could, or to wander down to the rapidly drying creek and nose for water.

It grew to be Joey's job to get them into the shed in the evenings. Usually it was easy because they knew it was feed time, but sometimes they got stubborn and he had to go close to them and whack their bony rumps before they obeyed him. He always had to force himself to do this.

Belle, who was going to calve soon, seemed to delight in being capricious. She was a great bony beast, bigger than either of the other two cows, and sometimes she gave an angry "Moo-ooo" and made a half-hearted charge. Then Joey sprinted for the rails and clambered up them, a tattered little boy in a pair of ancient shorts and a rag of a shirt, his hair bleached by the sunshine.

One day Belle caught up with him just as he leaped like a small monkey for the top rail. Her damp, snorting nose rose beneath his seat and propelled him on to his head on the other side of the fence. His father, who was coming towards him, felt his heart turn over at the sight; but he said nothing as his son landed on the drought-hardened earth and picked himself up, snivelling a little. Jim ignored him and whacked old Belle on the rump saying: "C'me orn, yer old so-and-so, yer!" And Belle trotted meekly into the shed.

It was quite impossible for bush-bred Jim to foresee his son's fears and difficulties. If Joey was to live with him, then he must make a bushman out of him. You don't get kids that way by bringing them up to be weaklings. He knew that Joey did far less about the place than *his* father had expected him to do at eight years old.

He tried to make allowances for the little boy who was starting a life that was strange to him, but the father was startled, and shied away from the sudden softness that sometimes touched

Continued on page 30

BORNEO PEOPLE (2) by MALCOLM MACDONALD

My head-hunter friends take a city by storm

Shoppers stared and business stopped as the tattooed old chief stalked through the stores. Then his fiery daughter found a beauty parlour — and started a family riot

Head-hunters expect guests to join in their ritual. MacDonald complied by following Jugah in a frenzied war dance

THE scenery that morning was wonderfully impressive. Early sunshine bathed the forest in a delicate, mysterious light such as filters into the nave of a cathedral at dawn. In vivid contrast to the silent woodland immobility was the irrepressible liveliness of the river. It swirled and leaped and tossed with ceaseless excitement, and our boats shot all the rapids at top speed.

My companions on the journey up the Balleh River in Sarawak were Penghulu Jugah and Penghulu Sibat, two Iban head-hunter chiefs who were to share my travels as Commissioner-General for South-East Asia.

Soon we passed the long-house of Temonggong Koh, the paramount chief of the local Ibans, with whom I had celebrated the fantastic feast of the Gawai, five months earlier. Only a scattering of elders now occupied the place; almost all its inmates were on their farms distributed along the river, engaged in the vital work of planting paddy. Koh himself was living with his family in a farmhouse ten miles farther upstream. We were all to stay with him there.

At last we spied the farmhouse, perched on a promontory overlooking the river, like a Swiss chalet commanding an Alpine valley.

Koh was waiting on the river bank to welcome us, grinning from ear to ear. With him were two young women. One was his daughter Mindun, as gay and attractive as ever. The other I did not know. She appeared to be a Chinese girl—or was she a Malay? Her dress seemed to indicate the latter, yet her short, artificially waved hair and the powder and rouge on her face were more in Chinese style.

It was odd to find this foreigner staying in Koh's house. Her features were extremely pretty. Her almond-shaped eyes had a half-shy, half-bold expression, her mouth was sweetly yet petulantly curled, and her chin was firm. Suddenly, with a shock, I realized that this was Segura, his youngest daughter.

I FELT appalled. I had never seen a person so transformed. When I thought of the beautiful woodland maiden, the golden-brown girl whom I had known a few months earlier, and then looked upon this painted, dolled-up young lady, I could have wept. I remembered her long black tresses crowned with flowers, her angelic face and sweet body clad only in a pagan skirt, and her vivid grace as she ran barefoot.

Now all that was changed. A Malay blouse clothed the upper half of her body, a flamboyant sarong fell from her waist, and her feet were strapped in a pair of high-heeled shoes. She looked like a common city flapper.

She glanced at me inquiringly, trying to detect whether I admired her new looks. I sought to hide that my emotions were of a contrary nature, for I did not wish to hurt her.

We climbed to the farmhouse, where I found that other changes had affected the household since my last visit. Koh's young son, Kanyan, had also gone to school. His long black locks and slim white loin-cloth were things of the past. His hair was now clipped, neatly parted in the middle and smoothed with hair oil. He strutted round with a self-confident, cocksure air in a blue shirt and khaki shorts, with his hands thrust importantly into his pockets.

He bowed to me with easy but regrettable bumptiousness and said: "Good evening, sir."

The new styles thus brought to the Balleh by Segura and Kanyan had to some extent influenced the rest of the family. Bini Koh, the chief's wife, and Mindun still wore short, hand-woven Iban skirts, but they had acquired the respectability which insisted on blouses to cover their bosoms. Old Koh, too, had forsworn his pristine simplicity, and now wore a striped pyjama jacket and a long Malay sarong.

Only his eldest daughter, Iba, scorned these novel tastes, appearing in customary native undress. She was an Iban of the old school, a dyed-in-the-wool conservative who would never capitulate to new-fangled notions.

I quickly learned that Segura's changed appearance had caused a sad disruption in a hitherto happily united family. I was told that Koh's comments when she first returned home, two days earlier, had been explosive.

The old man did not realize that the blame for it all lay less with Segura than with himself. His was the odd notion that a young woman could be put in a classroom meant for children, and his was the blunder of supposing that she would not be more attracted by the lessons to be learned in Kapit's bazaar—in its ladies' tailoring department and the local beauty parlour.

Yet how could the aged pagan foresee such consequences? His motives were good. He felt the time had come when the Iban people should receive modern education, and equip themselves for a fast-changing, twentieth-century Sarawak.

In Kanyan's case the decision was probably wise. The boy was young enough to mix with other children in a classroom and to acquire

Schools are spreading western ways in Borneo. Pupils are encouraged to cut their hair short and wear European clothes

When MacDonald first met Segura she was a beautiful pagan princess. Now she used make-up, oiled her hair, and often wore high-heeled shoes

gradually a new outlook. But in Segura's case its first results were soon apparent.

When we settled on the floor in Koh's room, we celebrated a bedara—a ceremony to placate evil spirits. Then Mindun took a bottle of tuak, poured a drink for me and sang a pantun, or native song. But when it was Segura's turn to sing, she refused to do so. She indicated that at school such a performance would not be regarded as ladylike, and that it was, indeed, a piece of savagery of which she felt ashamed.

Koh was angry, but Segura was unmoved. It was only after I had spoken to her, with John Barcroft as interpreter, that she agreed to sing.

Filling a glassful of tuak, she placed it before me and, after a moment's hesitation, began to chant. At the end of a few phrases, however, she stopped and sniggered. A minute of embarrassed silence followed. Then she started to sing again, but once more broke down. She shrugged her shoulders, laughed uneasily, and made no further attempt.

That evening I introduced an innovation into long-house life. I launched a campaign to establish English nursery games as part of Iban custom, and began with a demonstration of blind man's buff. The sport proved immensely popular. Koh and his wife, Jugah, Sibat, Iba, Mindun, Segura, Kanyan and other Iban youths and maidens entered into it with enthusiasm.

The long-gallery was a splendid setting, its nicely sprung bamboo floor lending extra bounce to the antics of hunter and hunted alike. The fish-traps, rice mortars and rolls of matting standing against the wall became additional obstacles, and the Ibans showed diabolical resource in placing them across the blind man's path. Loud shrieks of laughter from all the house inmates gave a constant stimulus to our tomfoolery.

Then we played hunt the slipper, here-we-come-gathering-nuts-in-May and other games. The tension caused by Segura's sartorial bombshell relaxed, and she and her family were reconciled in the enjoyment of hearty fun.

By midnight our exercises had tired us out, and we retired to bed.

Early next morning Barcroft, Jugah, Sibat and I left the farm for three days of business combined with pleasure. In the daytime, my companions fished and hunted while I lazed in the sun. In the evenings, we debated the problems which I had come to discuss.

Jugah and Sibat felt deeply concerned about the future of their race. They had grown up in a native society which seemed to be rapidly changing, and they thought that the authorities were pressing developments too rapidly.

They said it was rumoured that chiefs in future would be elected by popular vote, instead of the government choosing them from among the wisest men. This, they argued, would be a retrograde step. Irresponsible candidates would put themselves forward, promising that they would abolish taxes and other burdens. The voters, in their ignorance, might elect them. So the wiser men would lose their influence and the government would lose its revenue.

I smiled at this revelation that my simple, "backward" friends were already familiar with the stock arguments used for and against democratic political practices, and assured them that they need not feel too apprehensive. I said that even if elections were held, men like themselves would continue to be chiefs. They both seemed to me to possess all the qualities required for successful candidates in a democratic system.

They were good looking, I said. Also they had conspicuous powers of eloquence, could impress humbler people with their character and brains, and would no doubt exploit their long-established authority as leaders to defeat the wiles of less desirable demagogues.

They were delighted with this tribute, and laughed uproariously. Jugah winked at me confidentially, to show that he approved of my powers of perception.

When we returned down-river, our plea that the Ibans should not discard their characteristic dress for foreign costumes had produced some effect. Koh no longer sported a pyjama jacket and sarong, but strutted once more in a feathered cap and loin-cloth, like an aged Adam in an almost unspoilt Garden of Eden. His wife and Mindun had also reverted to their customary somewhat Eve-like style.

Segura compromised between old and new fashions by casting off her blouse and wearing only a brassière above her skirt, thus making the worst of both worlds. She told me, however, that she had decided to grow her hair long again.

We had to rise early the next morning, the Ibans to resume their farm work and I to depart for Singapore. But before I left, I took the chance to plant paddy on a hill behind the farm.

Iba led the party, which included a dozen women and several men. The men marched ahead drilling small holes with sharply pointed sticks, and the women followed, casually throwing seed into every hole.

I took some seeds and cast them into the ground. Then an extraordinary thing happened. A woman picked up something from near my feet and held it out for me to see, uttering cries of astonishment. Our companions crowded round to examine the find. It was a live tortoise.

The Ibans grew excited. A few days earlier the hillside had been burned to clear it; the slope was then a mass of flames. The tortoise had survived. No such phenomenon had ever appeared on a freshly scorched paddy ground in the memory of anyone present, and my friends regarded the event as a miracle.

The tortoise and I were at once linked in the Ibans' minds as twin messengers from the gods, joint harbingers of glad tidings, sure pledges of agricultural fertility and prosperity for Temonggong Koh and his people in the coming year. They spoke eagerly of this unique circumstance, and regarded me with touching sentiment.

In Koh's room we squatted on the floor, with the tortoise in the place of honour, as chief guest, among us. Cautiously it poked out its

The Ibans showed diabolical resource at nursery games, says MacDonald. The long-house gallery was splendid for blind man's buff

face and limbs, gave us a friendly blink, and then raised itself from the ground and strolled around. The Ibans watched with glee.

I asked Koh what he would do with the sacred tortoise. He replied that they would carry it up the hillside with dishes of food and bottles of tuak to celebrate a bedara on the exact spot where it had been found. Afterwards they would cook it and eat it, to acquire in their own persons part of the essence of its divine virtue.

Momentarily I felt shocked. Then my grief at the animal's fate was replaced by relief at my own. They seemed to have forgotten that I also was endowed with virtue which could presumably impart strength to them. But for that lapse of memory, I reflected, I too might have ended the day's adventure in the pot. . . .

The great importance which Borneo natives attach to crop-blessing ceremonies at planting time was not unknown to me. One of my first, and most unusual, encounters with their beliefs had been when I visited some Land Dyaks on Senggi Mountain, about forty miles from Kuching.

I was ushered into the chief's living-room and seated on a rustic throne, with Lloyd-Thomas, the local District Officer, and Datu Bandar, the senior Malay chief in Sarawak, placed courtier-like on either side of me. Dusk was falling, and the chamber was lit by only two flickering oil lamps.

Men, women and children crowded every inch, some standing, some crouching and others squatting cross-legged upon the floor. A hush of expectation filled the room.

At a signal the chief advanced towards me, bowed reverently, stretched out his hands and tied round my right wrist a rattan string on which hung a small, tinkling bell. As he did so he spoke earnest words which Lloyd-Thomas translated for me.

"The chief says," he observed, "'May your paddy fields produce much paddy! May your fruit trees bear rich fruits! When you go hunting may you kill many pigs! May you have numerous children, and when they are married may their first-born be sons! May you have a long life and prosperity!' "

I reciprocated these friendly wishes. Then another elder came to me and tied a second bell on my wrist, wishing me similar good fortune. Again I expressed my sincere hope that he would share in these fine things. Afterwards many more natives did the same, advancing one by one. When the ceremony ended I had sixty-five small bells jingling on my arm.

My arm, I was told, represented the branch of a tree, and the bells were fruits growing on it. They were supposed to communicate their abundant fecundity to the paddy fields and wild orchards of all my companions who during the evening brought bangles as offerings for me.

Afterwards I joined their revels. Gawang, a comely eighteen-year-old native girl, and I took the floor. The gong and drum began to beat. We were soon well set in the quick, half-jigging, half-shuffling steps of the dance, swinging

At a feast on Mount Senggi so many crowded into the chief's hut that the floor fell in. The dance went on with even greater gusto

forwards and backwards, shifting to this side and that, occasionally exchanging places, giving a high kick, making a circle or pirouette as she led and I followed.

The approval of the audience became more boisterous, and soon everyone was clapping in time with our steps. Beneath us the bamboo floor swayed gently.

Encouraged by the spectators, the musicians tested our skill with faster rhythms. Gawang added new, complicated figures to our dance and I did my best to imitate them. Her eyes shone brightly and a smile played upon her lips. Men and women shouted their admiration.

The bamboo stage began to rock, and the stakes supporting it creaked in protest. Suddenly a loud report like a pistol-shot sounded above the rest of the din, the crack of breaking timber. The floor collapsed and Gawang and I descended with it.

For a few minutes there was pandemonium. Many members of the audience had fallen with us, and were slithering and rolling on the sloping floor. Others, near the edge of the platform, where it still held in position, were raised above us; but most people had lost their balance and were tumbling over one another. There were shrieks and yells—near panic.

Anxious natives inquired whether I was hurt. When they saw that Gawang and I were still dancing unconcernedly they burst into roars of laughter and applause.

We danced on, late into the night, until the ground seemed on the verge of collapse.

I COULD not visit the head-hunters of Sarawak again for some time, so the head-hunters came to visit me. First, three doughty chiefs, Jugah, Sibat and Jinggut, stayed for a few days in Bukit Serene, my Sultanic palace in Johore.

A few months later an even more formidable party of friends arrived. Temonggong Koh came, bringing Bini Koh, Kanyan, Segura, a companion for Segura called Mary, and Mindun's husband, Jambong.

The party of visitors was completed by "Shot" Spurway, the head of the Forestry Department in Kuching and one of the most genial men alive. For thirty years he had been a friend of Koh and his family, and he came to Bukit Serene as chosen companion and interpreter to us all.

Martin Gilliat, my comptroller, met the travellers at Singapore docks and conducted them to Johore. He told me later that when Temonggong Koh saw my glistening Rolls-Royce awaiting them, and learned that it would convey them to my house, his eyes almost dropped out with astonishment. He had never imagined that such a beautiful monster existed, and for a few moments was speechless.

I greeted the party at the front door. Beside me stood Ah Tiu, my head Chinese boy, with a trayful of drinks. I shook hands warmly with the happily grinning Koh, gave him a small tumbler, containing ginger-ale, and said *"Buai."*

The chief conscientiously threw the drink to the ground as a gift to evil spirits. Then I handed him a large whisky and soda, which he imbibed with unfeigned pleasure.

To each of the others I gave first a drink of ginger-ale and then a whisky and soda. Thus were the traditional rites of greeting performed, and later, with delicacies bought that morning in the market at Johore Bahru, we celebrated a bedara.

Placing a copper bracelet round Temonggong Koh's wrist, I invited him to prepare the feast. He did it with contented grunts. At the right moment a cock appeared and was waved upside-down over the meal. Every detail was performed according to the Iban book, except that, unknown to my guests, the fowl was not slaughtered after its brief entry on the scene. Two feathers plucked from a dead hen—which

Continued on page 34

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE CRUEL SEA'

Nicholas Monsarrat

A great new novel of passions and intrigue

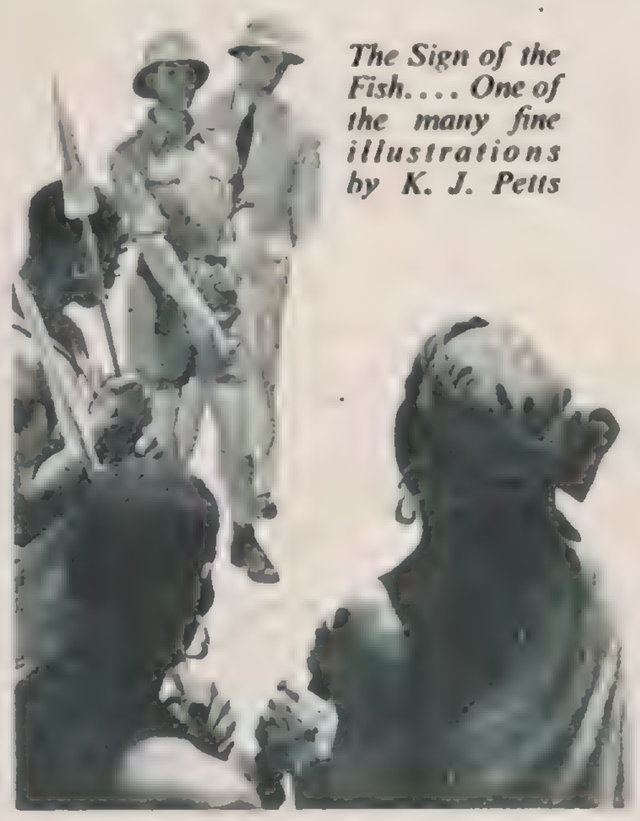
'THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD'

IT was good, thought Andrew Macmillan, to be back home in Pharamaul. It was pleasant to return to his own peaceful kingdom. . . .

Pharamaul was a nice, interesting place to be, thought David Bracken. There were still problems in the colonies for keen young administrators. . . .

It was good to be home, thought Dinamaula, Pharamaul's chieftain-designate, fresh from Oxford and full of daring new plans for social change. . . .

There was bound to be a good story in Pharamaul, thought Tulbach Browne, roving correspondent of the *Daily Flash*. If you knew where to look for things going wrong, you could flay the Civil Service and British administration. . . .



The Sign of the Fish. . . . One of the many fine illustrations by K. J. Petts

These four men stepped from a shabby old Dakota into a hotbed of bloody upheaval . . . among "The Tribe That Lost Its Head."

The setting is a barren island off the south-west coast of Africa inhabited by backward coloured people. Some of them are quick-eyed thugs in the slums of Port Victoria; others are dull renegades in the northern scrublands. But all of them are ready for bloodshed.

"The Tribe That Lost Its Head" is a novel that could only have been written by a man of the world. Nicholas Monsarrat was a government official in South Africa, close to the problems of his story. And he is a brilliant novelist who proved with "The Cruel Sea" that he can bring real situations vividly to life.

His new book is a saga of the 1950s. It is the story of a terrifying situation that has happened in real life. And the people involved in it are real people, finely and sympathetically drawn. . . .

There is Nicole Steuart, young, fresh and beautiful, deeply in love with David Bracken. . . . The young police captain, Keith Crump, patrolling a beat that is mined with anger and hatred. . . . There are the wives, alone and terrified as murder and magic haunt their lives. . . . Father Hawthorne, the famed champion of a hundred lost causes.

They are the actors in a plot packed with explosive action in the year's most sensational novel.

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

DEAD MAN'S FOLLY

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

So there was a body . . . and Poirot knew where it was hidden. Only one person could have put it there. "The person it so often is," he said

HERCULE POIROT was paying his second visit to Nasse House, in Devon. Five weeks before he had been summoned there to prevent a murder—and he had not prevented it. The experience was humiliating. Now he was back: to speak to the person who could tell him the name of the murderer. . . .

Ariadne Oliver, the detective writer, first sent for him—when she realized that the novelty murder hunt she was planning for the Nasse summer fête was being twisted to real murder. Her intuition did not betray her. Marlene Tucker, the Girl Guide who acted the "body," was found strangled in the boathouse.

That same afternoon Hattie Stubbs vanished completely. Hattie, a West Indian Creole, beautiful and apparently rather simple-minded, was married to Sir George Stubbs, the owner of Nasse. Poirot was convinced that she was dead. There could be little doubt that her fate and the child's murder were linked. But how?

Who was the key to the puzzle? Was it Alec Legge, the young neighbour who was so alarmed when Poirot surprised him at the decorative Folly in Nasse's grounds? Was it Amanda Brewis, Sir George's secretary, who hated Lady Stubbs? Was it Etienne de Sousa, the West Indian cousin Hattie had not seen since childhood—and whom she was so afraid to meet?

Only Mrs. Folliat could answer these questions. Mrs. Folliat knew everything that happened at Nasse. Though she now lived in comparative poverty in the Lodge, her family had owned the estate for centuries. She had brought up Hattie Stubbs and arranged her marriage. And it was a chance remark of hers that had made it plain to Poirot that Hattie would never be seen again. . . .

Now, in Mrs. Folliat's little sitting-room, Poirot was speaking very frankly: "Madame, you know who killed that girl—you know *why*. You know who killed Hattie Stubbs—and you know, perhaps, where her body lies now."

Alec was going back to his wife. "And if I find Weyman there I shall . . . throttle the life out of him"

FINAL INSTALMENT

"Only One Thing Evil . . ."

FOR a time there was silence in the room. Mrs. Folliat sat motionless, her head turned a little away. Poirot waited patiently for her to speak. When she did so, her voice was loud, almost harsh. She said: "I know nothing."

"Perhaps I have used the wrong word," Poirot said. "You do not know—but I think you *guess*, madame. I'm quite sure that you guess."

"Now you are being—excuse me—absurd."

"It is not absurd—it is something quite different—it is *dangerous*."

"Dangerous? To whom?"

"To you. So long as you keep your knowledge to yourself, you are in danger. I know murderers better than you do, madame."

"I have told you, I have no knowledge."

"Suspicions, then——"

"To speak out of mere suspicion would be wrong—indeed, wicked."

Poirot leaned forward. "As wicked as what was done here just over a month ago?"

She shrank back into her chair, huddled into herself. She half whispered: "Don't talk to me of it." And then she added, with a long shuddering sigh: "Anyway, it's over now. Done—finished with. Even the police have given up."

Poirot shook his head. "Oh, no, madame, you are wrong there. The police do not give up. And I," he added, as he rose from his chair, "do not give up either. Remember that, madame. I, Hercule Poirot, do not give up."

He took his leave of Mrs. Folliat, and made his way down to the village where, by inquiry, he found the cottage occupied by the Tuckers. He knocked. The door was opened gingerly and a child of about eleven or twelve years old peered out suspiciously. She was a fat child with small blue eyes and a rather piggy kind of prettiness.

"'Tis a gentleman, Mum," she shouted.

Mrs. Tucker, wisps of hair hanging over her somewhat hot face, came to the door. "What is it?" she demanded sharply. "We don't need——" She paused as a faint look of recognition came across her face. "Why, let me see, now, didn't I see you with the police that day?"

"Alas, madame, that I have brought back painful memories," said Poirot stepping firmly inside the door.

Poirot was ushered into a devastatingly neat little parlour. It smelt of furniture polish and contained a large Jacobean suite, a round table, two potted geraniums, an elaborate brass fender, and a large variety of china ornaments.

"My name is Hercule Poirot," he said rapidly. "I found myself once more in this part of the world and I called here to offer you my condolences and to ask you if there had been any developments. I trust the murderer of your daughter has been discovered?"

"Not sight or sound of him," said Mrs. Tucker, speaking with some bitterness. "And 'tis a downright wicked shame, if you ask me. 'Tis my opinion the police don't disturb themselves when it's only the likes of us."

At this point, Mr. Tucker appeared. He was a large, red-faced man with a pacific expression.

"Police be all right," he said in a husky voice, when Poirot had introduced himself. "Got their troubles just like anyone else. These here maniacs aren't so easy to find. Look the same as you or me, if you take my meaning," he added, speaking directly to Poirot.

The little girl who had opened the door to Poirot appeared behind her father. She stared at Poirot with intense interest.

"This is your youngest daughter, I suppose," said Poirot.

"That's Marylin, that is," said Mrs. Tucker. "It's very civil of you I'm sure, sir," said

Continued on page 40

Poirot opened the window. "They are breaking up the concrete foundation of the Folly," he told Mrs. Folliat. "What a good place to bury a body!"

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

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"I've tried scores of shampoos, and Loxene is the only one that is just what we all need—to protect ourselves against all sorts of hair troubles. Loxene is medicated, and a scalp treatment too, so that it clears away every scrap of dirt and dandruff, leaving our hair shiny, soft and healthy.

"My husband's hair gets horribly greasy and grubby at work. He could never get it properly clean, and suffered badly from dandruff. But Loxene washed away all the greasy dirt in minutes, and soon ended his dandruff trouble.

"Loxene did wonders for my little girl's hair too. It was dull and lifeless, but after regular treatment with Loxene, it's so thick and glossy that everyone admires it.

"And I'm really proud of *my* hair since I started using Loxene, yet it used to be dull and brittle. I'm delighted with Loxene. It's such a specially *good* shampoo, yet so reasonably priced—exactly what every mother wants to keep all the family's hair in first-class condition and free from infection."

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Healthy hair is completely *clean* hair—free from all the dirt, germs and impurities that it collects every day. Loxene, combining scalp treatment and medicated shampoo, removes all traces of dirt, makes hair and scalp clinically clean, so that the natural oils of the scalp function normally. As a result, the hair takes on the attractive gloss of health, and is softer, silkier and more manageable than ever before. Loxene is the safe, sure shampoo that can give every member of the family a healthy, handsome head of hair.

LOXENE LETTERBOX

Mrs. I. E. J., London, N.15, writes: May I say how much better our hair has been since using Loxene shampoo. My hair is much softer and silkier and I have no dandruff at all. Previous to using Loxene my hair was lifeless and hard to curl, and my husband's was lank and full of dandruff. Thanks to Loxene our hair troubles are over and I shall recommend it to all my friends.

Mrs. J. B., W.Va., U.S.A., writes: While in England last Summer I tried Loxene for my young daughter who had very bad dandruff. The difference now is amazing—no dandruff, and instead of being dull and drab the hair shines and stays clean longer. I've found nothing over here so excellent.

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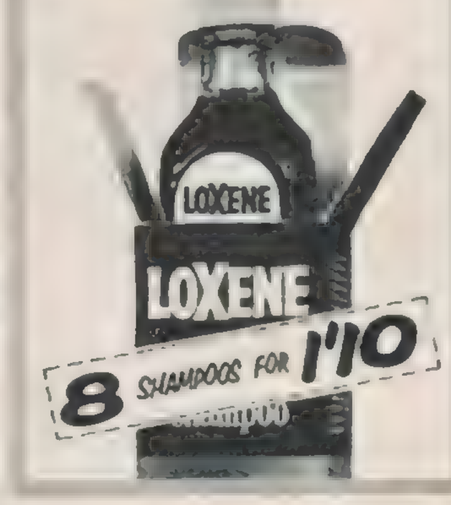

Scramble for fortune

by BERNARD MILLEN

In a state lottery, one punter—the Treasury—always backs a certainty

Australian lottery tickets cost from 5s. to £75. Prizes range from £5 to the record £500,000 offered by a Tasmanian promoter

Lotteries are good revenue raisers. In France, they produced £14 million last year

WHEN Mary Scott, a Melbourne widow, recently won £10,000 in an Australian lottery, she thought her troubles were over. Then the begging letters—forty, fifty, a hundred a day—began to arrive. Callers with hard-luck stories besieged her home.

"I agreed to help some of them at first," she recalls, "but things got so bad that in the end I refused to answer the door. After that, strange things happened to my house and my car. Whenever I went shopping I was abused. Eventually, I was forced to move."

The same problems are faced, or evaded, by hundreds of Australians every year. Harry Brukarz, a Sydney bachelor who is reputed to have won at least a dozen prizes worth more than £50,000 in the last fourteen years, goes into hiding after every win.

Lotteries are the most popular pastime in Australia. Six days a week throughout the Commonwealth, lottery barrels revolve with the roar of express trains, bringing sudden prosperity to prizewinners, a profitable turnover to promoters and a steady income to the state, which claims a percentage of all takings.

In every state there is a scramble for tickets: sales in Sydney alone average 130,000 daily. Australians buy them at state lottery offices or, in Queensland, from hairdressers, newsagents, tobacconists and at bars and cafés. Lottery tickets are offered as prizes in radio shows and given away by shops to increase trade.

The cost of a ticket varies from five shillings to £75 and the prizes from £5 to the record first prize of £500,000 offered this year by a Tasmanian promoter in a lottery which will help to finance the Olympic Games.

DURING 1956, Australians are expected to buy 100 million tickets, spending the equivalent of more than £3 for every man, woman and child in the country. Eight out of ten people buy them, including the lottery officials. Neil Watts, a government clerk, was writing down the winning numbers at a Western Australian draw recently when he suddenly shouted: "Hey! That's me!" He had won £2,300.

All lotteries are drawn under strict government supervision before an audience of the public. The lottery barrel, a bronze cylinder five feet long and four feet in diameter containing up to 200,000 numbered wooden marbles, revolves and stops.

A distinguished guest takes the extractor, a long tubular steel instrument with a claw at one end and a trigger at the other, and plunges it into the barrel. He releases the trigger and extracts one marble. The holder of the correspondingly numbered ticket wins first prize. The winning marble goes back into the barrel and the process is repeated until the ten major prizes have been drawn. A Chinese in Tasmania once won three prizes with the same ticket.

Many regular gamblers buy to a system or according to superstition. Harry Brukarz, the Sydney champion prizewinner, buys tickets in groups of four and stakes all the prize money up to £10. Another Australian, working the same system over twenty years, gambled £2,000 without winning a penny. One day in 1951, he dreamed that he should buy five tickets. He did so, won three £10 prizes and two of £5. Again he bought five tickets, and won four £5 prizes and one of £10. Believing his luck had finally changed, he gambled his £70 winnings—and lost the lot.

Lottery gambling began in Australia seventy-five years ago when Tattersall's Racing Club ran sweepstakes on horse races. Tattersall's now runs a daily lottery which brings in £15,500 for the Victorian State Treasury. The first state lottery, inaugurated by New South Wales in 1931 to raise funds for hospitals, is now the largest in the Commonwealth. Five out of six states run their own lotteries and retain forty per cent of the take. In Western Australia, the state lottery has yielded £3 million; in Queensland, £12 million. A minority protests at this large-scale gambling, but the state governments encourage it as a source of revenue.

So do many European governments. A quarter of the £24 million that Spaniards spend every year on lottery tickets goes to the treasury. In France, where the revenue last year was £14 million, the state also has a chance of winning prizes, for unsold tickets go into the draw. The Federal German Republic, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Malta and Gibraltar also run profitable state lotteries.

In England, the government's premium bonds, on sale on November 1 with a top prize of £1,000, will be the closest we have come to a national lottery for 130 years.

Safeguards against fraud are regarded as foolproof. In Australia a government official seals and locks the barrel after every draw and places the key in a Treasury strongroom. At regular intervals, the marbles are checked.

No one has ever defrauded the Australian lottery, although many have tried. Announcements of unclaimed prizes bring many claimants; some cannot prove conclusively their right to the money.

One married couple in Sydney explained that they had not collected their winning ticket because "we had a few drinks and forgot where the agency was." An official took specimen signatures, but none resembled that on the application form. As handwriting sometimes changes when a person is under the influence of alcohol, he suggested they have a few drinks.

In a series of drinking and signing sessions in hotel lounges, the couple produced scores of signatures. But none satisfied the lottery office. The prize—£6,000—is still unclaimed. THE END

The doctors relax or catch up with the latest medical journals as they wait to go on duty at headquarters

As the operator receives a call the nurse checks the duty rota while Dr. Solomon gives directions off a map

Radio doctors on patrol

By ANTONY FERRY

Dr. Solomon's teams roam London's streets at night to answer emergency calls—and let the family doctor enjoy his sleep

PRODDED awake by his wife, who was shivering with fever, a man living in north London recently rushed out to a call box three streets away to phone the family doctor. The call, unknown to him, was automatically re-routed to a Fulham number in south-west London. It was about three in the morning, but the voice that asked for the name and address, and the symptoms of the illness was calm and reassuring. A doctor was promised as soon as possible.

As the man hung up, he suddenly realized that he had left his front door open. He left the call box and immediately ran back to the house. He went in, closed the door after him, and went up to the bedroom.

There he found a man wearing an overcoat and carrying a small case standing beside his wife's bed. He was Dr. Montague Solomon, one of the two originators of a scheme called the Emergency Call Service, which sends doctors in radio-equipped cars patrolling the streets within a thirty-mile radius of Fulham.

About 300,000 people in the area have these radio doctors at their beck and call without realizing it. The patrolling physicians are actually deputizing for the family doctor who subscribes to the service and thereby assures himself of a quiet night's sleep.

The speed with which they reply to emergencies is a matter of friendly rivalry between the radio doctors on duty. Until a few weeks ago, Dr. Solomons held the record with his ninety-second dash to the house with the open door. More recently Solomon's partner, Dr. Arthur Bane, rang the doorbell of a Kensington flat while the stricken caller was still on the telephone describing his symptoms to the E.C.S. telephonist.

"I don't imagine anyone is likely to beat *that*," says Solomon, torn between pride and envy. Bane had just finished one case and was driving past the address when the details crackled over the car radio. He had only to pull up, take his medical kit and ring the doorbell.

When a call comes in, the telephonist prevents any delay by repeating the name and address into the microphone while he is taking them down on a special case card. Usually the patrolling doctor in the area has already found his direction by the time the caller starts describing symptoms.

The operator uses a land line connected to a radio transmitter on Highgate Hill, checking a large magnetized wall map to locate the coloured disc representing the patrol car closest to the area of distress.

Although speed is one of the most striking features of the service, the two South African doctors originally opened E.C.S. to provide respite for sleepless G.P.s who work a ninety-six hour week and who are bound, under the terms of the National Health Service Act, to answer calls from their patients at any hour of the night.

Many physicians use a rota system, but this is not entirely satisfactory. They still have to answer the telephone and the caller has then to phone the doctor on rota duty that night. It involves delays, and two doctors are disturbed for what may turn out to be a case of over-eating.

For seven shillings and sixpence a night, fifteen shillings on Sunday, or a flat rate of two guineas a week, a general practitioner anywhere within the area serviced may buy a night's sleep or, as one doctor said, "pay the full fee and live like a human being."

He knows that the radio doctors are geared for immediate action, that they will answer every call and telephone him a report the next morning. The doctor thus obtains an important second opinion in a way that does not offend professional ethics.

The service is now expanding with about 450 doctor-subscribers. Present two-way radio facilities limit the areas E.C.S. can operate in. "We get masses of appeals from suburban doctors," Solomon says. "But we can't widen the field of operation yet without impairing its efficiency a little."

HEADQUARTERS are established in a modern, self-contained flat in the North End Road, hence the radio call-signal "Nordoc." There are twenty-five duty doctors—including Solomon and Bane—a sister, and ten other employees who answer calls, record details and broadcast instructions.

Nordoc is located on a corner between two chemists' shops and directly opposite a large garage where the ten patrol cars are refuelled and serviced.

A tiny lever inserted into the switchboard of some telephone exchanges will automatically redirect a call to the Fulham number. In the case of some of the far-flung exchanges, however, the patient is told to dial that number himself because the G.P.O. does not have the same facilities everywhere for redirecting a call.

Since the Fulham exchange immediately suggests south-west London, callers in north London assume that it will take the doctor too

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Emergency Call Service was started by two South Africans, Montague Solomon, right, and Arthur Bane. They check everything with great care: "We must *never* make a mistake"

Doctors rush for their radio-controlled cars as soon as the emergency calls are received at Fulham. About 300,000 people can call on them at any time of the night

long to reach them. They usually try to phone another doctor in their area. Solomon is negotiating for a non-localized exchange, but the G.P.O. has so far decided that any changes in its system would be too costly.

Solomon suggests that, ideally, a patient anywhere in London should be able to reach E.C.S. by dialling the letters ADOC for a radio doctor.

In the eight months since E.C.S. started, the patrol cars have responded to 24,000 calls. On August Bank Holiday alone, two hundred calls were redirected to the Fulham number. Solomon himself attended to five cases of measles in the same street, the birth of twins, an appendix case in a car, a diabetes attack, six domestic accidents and a slashing.

In the early hours of one morning, towards the close of the second highest peak of emergencies, an eighty-six year old man who refused to describe his illness called for help. Solomon speeded out to the man's basement flat in Hampstead and found him seated at a table in a candlelit room.

"I didn't want to explain over the telephone," he said, "because I thought you'd refuse to come. I don't think I'm going to last the night."

Solomon opened his medical kit. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"I just feel I'm not going to last the night and I want you to witness my will." He is still alive.

"To a patient, even a trivial discomfort can be dire emergency in the middle of the night," Bane says. "You can't tell indigestion from coronary thrombosis over the telephone, so every case is urgent. Any form of complacency, even some external factor such as a traffic tie-up, could mean death. Quite rightly, it would have to come out in a coroner's report. But it might spell the end of the service. We must literally *never* make a mistake."

Two young ballet dancers living in a bed-sitting-room in Earls Court came down with fever a few months ago. A duty doctor was called. He put their illness down to a mild case of food poisoning, ordered the girls to bed and returned to Nordoc where, after writing his report, he learned that the dancers had arrived only a few hours before from Yugoslavia. Acting on impulse, he immediately called an ambulance and returned to the house.

He examined the girls again and checked his findings with Solomon by radio. By the time the ambulance arrived he had correctly diagnosed typhoid.

According to the two founders, the complete service provided by E.C.S. is unparalleled anywhere else in the world. They had both been general practitioners in South Africa before they decided to come to London after the war. Personal experience of sleepless nights as G.P.s moved them to find a solution to the problem of night medical services.

In June, 1955, they hit upon the idea of using radio-equipped cars operating from a home base. Bane went to New York, hoping to learn from existing medical services there. He found nothing comparable to the projected E.C.S. mainly because traffic congestion made such an emergency service ineffectual.

The pair spent seven months and £5,000 putting E.C.S. into operation. They studied street maps, worked out uncongested routes, made dummy runs in a fast car and compiled facts and statistics. Solomon computed that the average G.P. in London received 3.8 night calls per week. He worked on duty rotas with other doctors. He puzzled over the fact that Thursday was, for some reason, the busiest day of the doctor's week. He chose the North End Road very carefully, because it was highly populated and cosmopolitan. It was also fairly central.

They decided to operate on a free-enterprise basis, with any surplus, beyond running costs and expenses, going to nominated charities. The Board of Trade gave its approval.

On the night it opened in January, the service had four subscribers. One of them was a Hampstead doctor who was prevented by an eye ailment from driving at night. It had two emergency calls in the first eight hours. By the end of the first week, another six doctors had asked for the service. Within ten days there were twenty-four.

The wife of one subscribing G.P. said: "For twenty years I've been acting housekeeper, maid, secretary, receptionist, sitter-in, daily help and professional telephone-answering service for my husband. I used to think that the only G.P.'s wife who led any kind of social life was Mrs. Dale."

The E.C.S. now runs ten radio patrol cars between 6.30 p.m. and 8 a.m. and uses the services of the twenty-five duty doctors. One of them specializes in child ailments. Another is a former naval doctor. Both are doing research work.

No time is lost in answering a call. Once Dr. Bane arrived while the sick patient was still describing his symptoms on the phone

They work a seven-hour nightly shift and earn two guineas a night. Their average age is forty-five, and wide experience as G.P.s is the prime requisite.

New subscribers are being enlisted at the rate of six a week. "We were worried at first whether enough doctors would subscribe to make the scheme pay for itself," Solomon says. "Now we are trying to get more cars and extend the area of transmission."

Increasing use of radio-equipped cars in the city makes intercepted messages a common occurrence. On quiet nights, Solomon likes to eavesdrop in case police need medical assistance. One foggy night last winter he received a plea from Hampstead where a colleague was patrolling. "I can't find my way out," the voice said.

Solomon found the car's position on the wall map and moved the metal counter slowly, giving street-by-street directions to get back to base. About half an hour later, as he guided the driver back to Nordoc, he heard a flood of invective.

"Nordoc to Doc Baker," he called. "Is that you, Doc Baker? Over."

"Doc Baker? Who's Doc Baker? I'm a taxi driver."

THE END

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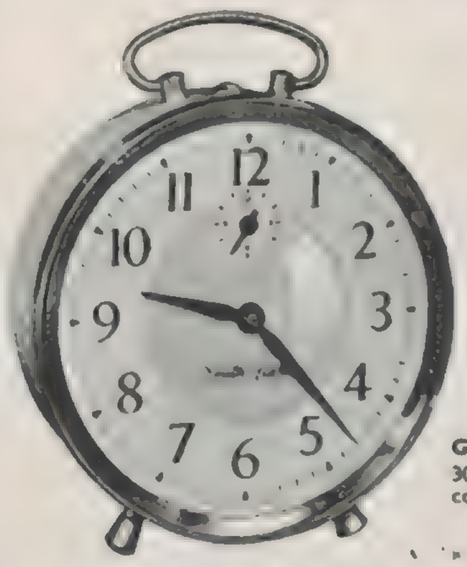

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" Would you care to step outside that thing and repeat your remarks ?"

Birth of a man

Continued from page 19

him when he looked at the ragged, tow-headed child who was flesh of his flesh.

With much trouble and concentration Joey learned to milk the two cows. He put away the thought that soon Belle would have her calf and he'd have to milk her too.

His first effort to milk alone was disastrous. Steeling himself, he bailed-up Daisy, the quietest of the cows. Daisy looked huge as he slid the sapling across the bail to hold her neck. He wondered how he was going to get the leg-rope on her without standing too near her hocks. He tried dropping the loop of the rope on the ground and pushing her into it with a stick. It didn't work, Daisy began to get irritable. So, with beating heart the boy leaned against the cow's flank as his father always did, and he managed to slip the noose below one hock. He forgot to fasten her tail in with it.

As he seated himself and shoved the bucket beneath the cow, the end of her tail, heavy and repulsive with damp manure, hit him across the face. Once again he rose and tried to fasten the tail while Daisy got more and more restless. He tightened the noose half-heartedly. Daisy kicked angrily against it. Then he began milking her, his tow head against her flank. A strong smell of ammonia rose from the wet straw on the earthen floor and mingled with the rich, warm smell of the milk.

Then it happened. Daisy kicked violently and went down, knocking the boy and the bucket over. Joey could stand no more. With a howl of misery he rushed for his father. Jim was coming through the gate when he saw his son, plastered with milk and manure, run shrieking towards him.

"Shut up an' tell me what's the matter."

"Daisy—she's kicked over the bucket. She fell down—the milk——"

Jim went into the shed and Joey followed him meekly. The man shoved the cow on to her feet and looked at the noose. Irritation warred with pity for the filthy little object before him.

"No use bawlin' like a great calf," he said. "How often've I told you to pull the noose firm? You've got to remember what I tell you, an' I'm goin'to make you remember this——"

Jim unbuckled his belt and gave Joey a couple of half-hearted hits with it. Joey's tears froze. He scarcely felt the pain of the strap across his little bottom for the real pain in his heart. This was what he feared: he was useless, his father'd send him back to the home.

Jim put his belt back on and turned away, ignoring Joey. He finished the milking, bailed up the second cow and went to work. The surplus milk was almost his sole revenue now, so he put it in a small milk can, walked outside and finally rode off on the old mare, carrying the can balanced on his thigh.

Joey knew that his father wouldn't be back until late because he worked with the fencers and well-diggers on the next property, and he usually returned after dark.

Joey turned out the milkers and went and sat miserably on the step of the hut that was his home. He thought about running away—but where could he go? Where would he be when darkness came? Almost every night he heard the eerie, unhappy chorus of the dingoes lurking near the creek.

Jim didn't bother very much about dingoes. In his rare talkative moments he had spoken to Joey about them as though he rather liked them, and had told him of their cleverness, and of how cattlemen need only worry about them when there were newly born calves. But the boy often thought about the dingoes, especially after his father's half-dingo bitch ran off and Jim said she'd probably gone to join the wild dogs. He shivered a little at the thought of them now.

A HANDFUL of skinny old fowls clucked and scratched about his feet, and he came as far as the doorway and sat down on the wooden step, leaning dreamily against the post, wishing he need never have anything to do with the big animals, those overpowering owners of hides, hooves and horns.

He started after the cows later than usual that day because he found a baby lizard and spent hours playing with it, somehow not minding its dry, atmospherically warmed little body and small clinging feet. When at last he started off, he eyed the sun anxiously.

Around him the hard bodies of small grasshoppers thudded like dry rain on the hard earth. Some got under his clothes and he carefully turned his ragged shirt grasshopper side outwards so as to avoid plucking off the scaly little things with his fingers.

He found Daisy and Trotty and

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their big calves easily enough, but there was no sign of Belle.

"Go on! Scat! Shoo!" he said, running in a wide circle behind the others. With philosophical noddings of their heads they began walking uphill along the familiar way that marked even the drought-hardened soil with faint scars from the repeated poundings of their hooves.

Joey stopped and looked around him. There was no sign of Belle, and he was puzzled to know what to do next. Perhaps he should put the two cows in the shed and pen the calves in the yard while they were willing.

He did that, and when he came down the hill again he walked towards where a line of trees marked the creek banks.

A patch of twisted mulgas growing along the bank made what was called the "scrub." He thought that he saw Belle's scraggy, distended body moving along the edge of the trees. Then he stopped quite still. At first his sharp eyes only caught a glimpse of a flickering shadow. Then something unbelievably silent and swift moved between two of the trees. A gleam of sunlight, pale and fading, glinted back at him from the copper-yellow coat of what he knew must be a dingo.

Joey's scalp tingled. He was afraid, but something made him enter the scrub. From gaps between the trees he saw Belle's bulky form moving along the top of the creek bank. Behind her moved the dingo. Joey saw that it was a gaunt dog, and it was certainly trailing Belle.

He wanted to run away. His hot, damp little palm rested against the

VANITY—I

Vanity plays lurid tricks with our memory.

Joseph Conrad

rough bark of the tree beside him as he tried not to understand what he knew must be happening.

Joey believed that Belle was looking for some quiet, hidden place in which to have her calf. He believed also that the dingo knew what he knew, and that it was following and would wait for that moment of newly born weakness when the calf could not run away, and the cow might not be able to protect it.

Joey hesitated, and then followed the dingo. He told himself that his father would chase it away if he was there. Very well, *he* would chase it away. He stood still and shouted at the wild dog. He thought it was going to be a big, full-throated shout, but it came out like the squeaking protest of a trapped mouse. Nevertheless, for an instant the golden dog's head turned his way before it melted out of sight.

Joey began to run after Belle. He soon saw her again and followed her as she went down the bank towards the bed of the stream.

Darker than the approaching night, fears crowded into the little boy's mind. He told himself that he did not care what became of Belle and her calf, but still his feet led him after her. He argued that his father wouldn't expect him to follow like this—they must already be at least two miles from the hut. The dingo? He could not see it, but he knew that it was following.

Another veil of darkness fell. Night came swiftly and by perceptible degrees while the pale, fey light of the moon struggled to overpower the waning light of the sun. Then, in a little dip in the bank, he almost passed Belle. In the gathering darkness he had expected her big form to assume the awful shape of fear that it usually held for him, but somehow it didn't. When he stopped he was almost beside her and she did not seem to notice him. She swung her head and looked at him calmly. A long streel of saliva trembled from her lower jaw and her eyes looked mild. Joey's quick eyes noticed a rolling, twisting movement that seemed to pass along her clumsy body.

The boy glanced upwards. Instinct told him that the process of birth had begun, and from a bush on top of the opposite bank he saw a broad, triangular face, out of which gleamed two bright, slanting eyes. He looked uneasily about him but could see no other dingo. Then he looked again at Belle. She had gone down on her knees, as a cow does when it is about to lie down. But she did not lie down. Her hind legs remained straight so that her body sloped upwards to her rump. She showed no distress, but Joey stood very still, feeling himself a sword between the mother and all that was evil.

Although the birth took only a few minutes, it was long enough for Joey's memory to go back to one day when his father had been talking to a neighbour about his bad luck over losing one of his milkers. He had overheard Tom Ryan say: "Poor old girl, she always was a damn nuisance when she calved. Once she hid it for nearly a week, and she only fed at night and had us runnin' ourselves ragged tryin' to find 'er. Now this time she goes an' 'as it wrong-end first and kills 'erself."

Joey's hands sweated with nervousness. Supposing Belle's calf was "wrong-end first"—whatever that meant. What could he do?

The little boy's mind was in a turmoil of pity and love, and just then he saw the dull glitter of the membrane over the dropping calf. Its four legs were neatly together as if the little animal was wrapped in a transparent bag.

Then Belle turned to lick her baby clear, and Joey's heart thudded. He had seen the miracle of life, watched it alone and in half-darkness, seen the shining birth. He trembled with relief that the first part of his vigil was over.

He moved back a little and the mother turned her head and went about the work of releasing her baby. She curved her great gentle tongue round the damp little body, making whorls and strange patterns on its soft hide. She did as cats do with their kittens—she licked the calf into life.

Then, very gently, she nudged the tiny thing to its feet. At last it stood, damp and trembling. Its small legs wobbled and then stretched out to a slant that supported its body while it fed. When it had had enough the calf crumpled to the ground with the complete collapse of some alluring velvet toy. The mother lay down so that her baby was within the curve of her great body.

JOEY moved forward softly and dropped on his knees beside the infinitely helpless little thing. Although they were still in the shadow of the bank, the land around them was drenched in silver light and the shadows were paled by its reflection.

The shadows gave a secrecy that turned the birth into the boy's own personal miracle. He put his wondering hand softly on the small, damp body and the mother did not seem to mind. So he moved closer and sat down right beside it. The cow, the new-born calf and the little boy formed one group.

It did not occur to Joey to leave the calf. As he sat there, he heard the strange double call of the dingo coming from a distance. Then it was answered from near at hand.

Joey put his arm protectively about the calf and smiled. Suddenly he knew that he was no longer afraid of the great beast that breathed and munched so softly beside him. He was not afraid of the dingoes or of the night itself.

Then out of the distance came his father's voice calling: "Joey! Joey! Answer me! Joey! Oh God! Son, where are you?"

Joey's heart leaped. His father's voice was filled with love and anxiety. He was coming for him. And he was going to find a different Joey, a Joey who had become stronger than fear: who had grown up suddenly, and become a man. THE END

LEAVES FROM Starke's HOLIDAY GUIDE BOOK

"Service is usually included in the bill, and the waiter will not expect to be tipped"

England's football finds its feet

Continued from page 17

reducing tactics almost to mathematical formulae.

Stamina, strength and speed are among the basic requirements against the highly trained, state-aided athletes of the Continent and South America. As the Russians were quick to note in Wolves' games against Dynamo and Spartak, both at Molineux and in Moscow our players had a fractional edge in staying power. At home, at least, this compensated for the Russians' lead in individual skill.

The explanation lay in the fact that Wolves train to be fit for two hours' play rather than the bare hour and a half of a soccer match, just as a boxer, training for a ten-round fight, will aim to be fit for fifteen rounds or more. We have taken this lesson to heart.

However, ballwork as well as fitness must be fitted into a footballer's training schedule. I estimate that in my own playing days, players, even with top-class clubs, had only about a third of the ball practice that is considered routine with Wolves and many other club sides today.

It is strange to reflect that before the war many managers were convinced that the best method of getting results in this department was to take the ball away altogether. It was a widely held theory that to confine training for the three days before a match to dreary lapping of the track and sprinting was to produce, on the match day, a team hungry for a brief glimpse of the ball.

Another fetish that, thankfully, has largely disappeared in the last few years is the obsession that the playing surface of a League ground is sacred to match days. Time and again players were relegated to nearby car-parks, tennis courts or waste ground to practise ball play and tactics in conditions approximating nowhere to those under which they would play the match.

Today most clubs do their preparation in the logical place—the ground where the match will be played. Or, as in the case of Wolves and several other clubs, they organize an alternative ground with the conditions of the League stadium duplicated as closely as possible.

Until about three years ago the seventeen - and eighteen - year - olds coming into League football were obviously suffering from the fact that junior football was brought almost to a standstill during the war. Today I am in the fortunate position, as a manager, of finding plenty of lads who have been able to improve their soccer standards through the renewed schools and youth competitions.

It is true, of course, that our Continental opponents had the same difficulties to surmount during the war, but they set about the task of recovery with a greater sense of urgency and less complacency. England, with a long record of success behind them, were inclined to assume that they could begin again exactly where they left off.

Of the Wolverhampton side in 1939 no fewer than seven of the first team regulars were aged between nineteen and twenty. I got my own place in League football at nineteen. The constant thrust of young players coming into the League gave rise to the slightly wry jokes among Wolves professionals: "If you haven't got an international cap by the time you're twenty-five you can say goodbye to Molineux."

At the moment, however, most players become established at about the age of twenty-two, which means that older players are retaining their places longer. Yet football, more than ever before, is a young man's game.

IT is hard to avoid the conclusion that a lot of our failures since the war have been partly due to the high average age of the side and the enforced retention of players past their best. Our strength lies now in the fact that we have a team which has grown up in soccer in its new shape.

The biggest credit for this state of affairs must go to the Football Association's formation of the under twenty-three side and its participation in "B" internationals. The Young England team has not only given an added incentive to young players all over the country by pushing the opportunity of international honours forward by several years; it has also presented us almost ready made with the nucleus of our present senior side.

Johnny Haynes, twenty-one, Colin Grainger, twenty-two, Reg Matthews, twenty-three, and Ronnie Clayton, twenty-one, have all had the opportunity of playing together before joining the full England side. They were able to sample Continental football in an atmosphere slightly less charged than in a full-scale international.

These players are now in the fortunate position of having old heads on young shoulders and, as in our prewar heyday, have enough players jostling for their positions to keep them on their toes. Experienced youngsters like Albert Quixall of Sheffield Wednesday, Harry Hooper, now playing outside right for Wolves, and Trevor Smith, the powerful nineteen-year-old Birmingham centre-half, are all pressing for inclusion if any of the current team lose form.

The encouragement given to youngsters through the Football Association's training schemes, the increased number of youth tournaments and the "nurseries" of far-sighted clubs like Manchester United has made one of the biggest contributions to England's improvement over the past year.

Yet despite our advances over the last couple of seasons, the killing tempo of international soccer at the present time leaves no room for complacency. Even the great Hungarian side of 1953 has cracked seriously in recent games.

The next two international seasons, in which our current team may be expected to reach its peak, will be vital. The match against Yugoslavia in November is one which we must win to maintain the upward trend.

With even one more season behind them these new England boys will have gone far towards becoming a match for the best in the world. THE END

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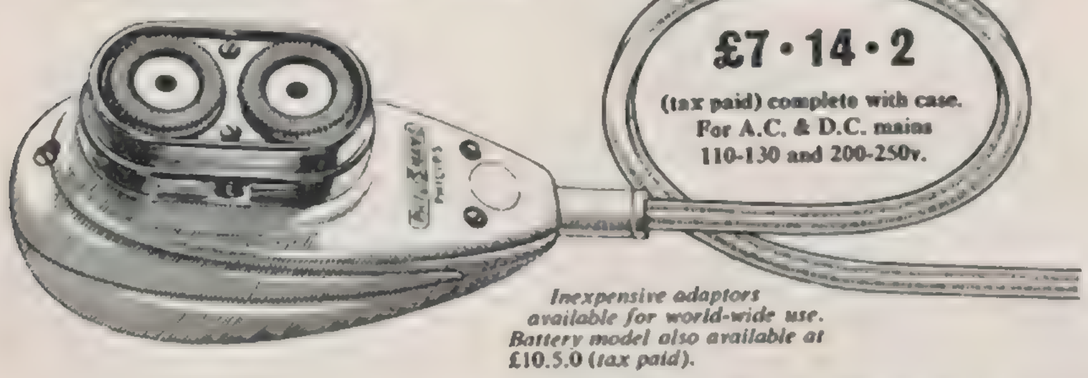

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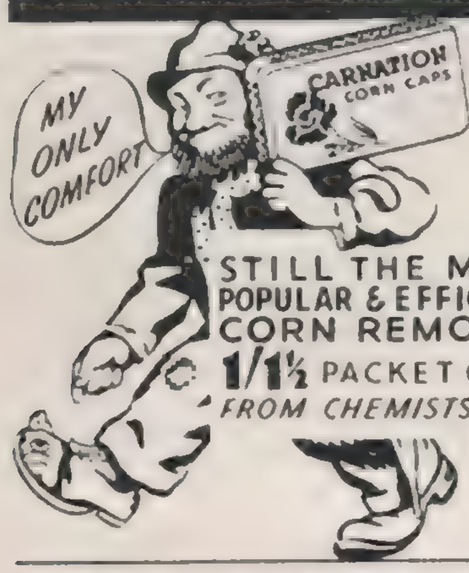

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EASES THE TENSION

Borneo People

Continued from page 23

was already cooking in a pot for lunch —and dipped in its blood were substituted for our bird's plumes. Thus was honour satisfied.

Afterwards Koh carried the dish to a bamboo pole, erected that morning on the lawn before the veranda, and placed it on the summit. Then we squatted once more on the mats to consume drink and exchange gossip.

I apologized to Koh for having no girls in my home to chant a pantun to him. Instead I recited a short speech in the noble pagan's praise, expressing my delight at his and his family's visit to my long-house. Then I persuaded Segura to celebrate our reunion with a song. She complied shyly.

As soon as she ceased singing, Koh tugged at Spurway's sleeve and asked him to say that the chief wished to address me. When the words had been translated, Koh solemnly cleared his throat and began to speak.

Spurway listened carefully, as did everybody. At one point in Koh's remarks the Ibans smiled at me, and Segura laid a hand on my arm. When the Temonggong fell silent, Spurway interpreted his words.

"Penghulu Temonggong Koh," he said, "spoke thus: 'Master, you are the mightiest man in these parts, for your power stretches over many countries and numerous peoples. I am but the paramount chief of the Ibans on the Rejang River in Sarawak. Beside you I am like a mouse-deer beside an elephant. But I am an old man and you are young. In age I am to you like a father to a son. If you will allow me, I would like to call you my son. It is fitting because I and all of my family feel bound to you by ties of deep affection."

Spurway observed in an aside that this was a rare mark of devotion, and that Koh had spoken from his heart. He had used the word "*anak*" for son, denoting the closest relationship between an elder and a younger man.

I felt profoundly touched and thanked the old chief, calling him "*api*," which was the name by which his children and intimate friends addressed him. I said that I was proud to be a son of such a great and good chief, and of his gentle wife. I felt happy, too, to be a brother of Iba, Mindun, Segura and Kanyan. I assured him that, as they all knew, I reciprocated their affection. A hundred times they had been kind to me, and one of my joys had been to stay with them in their home.

VANITY—2

An egotist is a person of low taste, more interested in himself than in me.

Ambrose Bierce

At that we filled a loving cup and everyone drank from it. We sat long on the mats on the veranda, exchanging our news. Then we rose, and I showed my guests to their rooms.

They stayed for three days. No period in my life has been more packed with incident. Temonggong Koh and his party were paying their first visit to Singapore, and none of them had ever seen anything of its kind before.

Singapore was to them a new world, completely strange and fabulous. It was the very reverse of everything to which they were accustomed: human beings assembled in multitudes, raising everywhere in unbelievable profusion their houses, shops and business premises, and introducing all manner of odd inventions like motor-cars, bicycles and buses, which rushed around and murdered peace.

Throughout their visit, my guests were in a constant state of twittering excitement; every successive event was a breathless adventure.

As we sat in a railway carriage travelling from Johore Bahru to Singapore, Koh gazed dumbfounded at the speed with which the landscapes flashed past the windows, while Segura, Mary and Bini Koh emitted constant exclamations of frank disbelief. When we peered from an aeroplane on the crowded buildings and streets of the great city below, they all kept moving from window to window, lest they should miss any detail of the astonishing spectacle.

In the lift at Robinson's department store, when the cage door closed behind us and the confined box suddenly shot up through space, Koh was as startled as anyone could be.

A deep, long-drawn sigh of awe escaped him. Segura and Mary screamed shrilly with fright, Bini Koh gripped my hand as if she needed sudden protection from an unseen evil spirit, and Kanyan gave a shout half of fear and half of triumph at this supreme achievement.

Of all our adventures I think that the visit to Robinson's most staggered my friends. When we entered the vast shop's ground floor, Koh and his family stood for a while silent with amazement, as if rooted to the ground. They stared incredulously, first at the crowd of shoppers and then, in even greater astonishment, at the showcases, shelves and counters piled with merchandise.

Deliberately, their eyes roamed from counter to counter. Here stood innumerable dials of miraculously ticking clocks; there were more china tea-sets and dinner-sets than they had thought could exist in the world, and in another place hung sufficient trousers and jackets to clothe all the men in several long-houses in Borneo. Elsewhere were so many rolls of cotton and silk for dresses that not even the greed or vanity of all the women on earth could possibly exhaust them.

If the Ibans were astounded at the shop, the shop was equally agog at the Ibans. That day Koh wore one of his hats adorned with fluttering feathers, a necklace of yellow beads, a red-tabbed chief's jacket and short khaki trousers on otherwise bare legs.

His long, pierced ear-lobes and tattooed throat and hands also took the shopping public of Singapore by surprise. Some people raised their eyebrows in slight dismay, while others smirked with patronizing tolerance; many smiled with welcoming friendship.

Bini Koh and Segura attracted no less attention than the chief. The old lady's rough Bornean features and her daughter's fresh young Mongolian beauty both produced something of a sensation. Shoppers turned and stared after them wherever they moved. Girls serving behind the counters ceased to attend upon their customers, gazing instead at these sudden apparitions. Business was momentarily interrupted.

I had told my guests that they could buy, on my account, anything in the shop that they chose, feeling confident that the innate courtesy of primitive man would prevent their abusing this rash, un-Caledonian invitation.

When we arrived in the toy department, Kanyan at first stopped in his tracks at the sight of dolls, teddy-bears, model trains, tin soldiers, spinning-tops and other toys galore, and with a wild cry ran excitedly towards them.

Koh was as pleased as his son at the display of children's treasures, and Bini Koh, Segura and Mary were also for a while intrigued. But their feminine fancy was already seduced by the supplies of silks and satins, velvets and cottons, ribbons and sashes, buttons and bows of which they had caught sight downstairs. So their attention kept wandering towards the magic lift which might drop them again to the dresses as swiftly as it had raised them to the golliwogs.

The ladies went down in the lift to make a selection of stuffs to add to their wardrobes. Kanyan stayed, with Martin Gilliat as protector, among the toys. Koh and Jambong, with Spurway as guide, started to roam through the whole shop, upstairs and downstairs, round and about, inspecting first one floor and then another for trophies to carry, like heads of old, back to their house up the Balleh River as

"Oh, I quite forgot to tell you—they're vegetarians"

souvenirs of this raid upon Singapore.

After many debates, decisions, retractions, arguments, counter-arguments and ultimate resolves, Bini Koh, Mary and Segura selected several lengths of coloured silks to make sarongs and *bajus*, Kanyan chose a clockwork train with a figure-of-eight set of railway lines, Jambong bought a wrist-watch with a luminous dial, and Temonggong Koh acquired a dinner-set of fine Worcester porcelain. I acquired a not inconsiderable overdraft at my bank.

We lunched in the restaurant at Robinson's, and still our party was a centre of attraction. Other diners stared in our direction, whispering and grimacing in astonishment at Koh's hornbill feathers, Jambong's long black tresses and Segura's exotic grace. Rumour ran through the shop that a party of head-hunters from Borneo had invaded the restaurant. The place did a roaring business.

After lunch I went to my office to do work which even the visit of my distinguished guests would not permit me to neglect. Spurway took Koh and Jambong on a sight-seeing tour of the city; Bini Koh and Kanyan, attended by Martin Gilliat, strolled through Robinson's to enjoy again its sights and sounds; and Mary and Segura disappeared into the beauty parlour.

They said that they would not be long; a quarter of an hour would suffice for the slight adjustments to their hair which they intended. After half an hour, Gilliat, exhausted by the day's duties and eager to transport his charges back to Bukit Serene, made a tactful inquiry to learn whether the ladies were ready. He was assured that they would be out almost at once.

He, Bini Koh and Kanyan seated themselves on a sofa close by to pass casually the brief moments before their companions would rejoin them. Their wait became somewhat protracted.

After another hour Gilliat made a more peremptory inquiry about the truants. Segura sent her compliments and begged to state that she and Mary were now helplessly incarcerated under hair driers, and that they could not be set free for a considerable time.

At length, after two hours, the door opened again, and out strolled Segura and Mary. Each was now crowned with a permanent wave of astonishing vivacity, their hair positively rippling and glistening with wild seascapes of wavelets breaking all over their heads. The experts who operated in the beauty parlour had evidently given them "the works." The pair were transformed into living advertisements for every curl and ringlet that the establishment could produce.

I was not there to witness the aftermath, but Gilliat reported it to me later. Bini Koh had grown steadily more impatient and cross as the afternoon advanced. Now she contemplated her daughter with that pregnant calm which precedes a storm. Silently she contained her wrath so long as the party remained in the shop, but as soon as they settled in the car outside the tempest broke.

Bini Koh fumed and raged, indicating in phrases of terrible condemnation that her daughter's behaviour was utterly shameless.

Segura withstood the onslaught with the courage and confidence of revolutionary youth who knows that reactionary old age is blind to the need for progress. She gazed indifferently into the street as if events there commanded her exclusive attention.

Then a sullen, sulky look crept into her features, betraying that she was indeed aware of the old lady's speech. Suddenly her lower lip quivered, a hurt expression entered her eyes, and she hid her face in her hands. A moment later her shoulders shook convulsively, and a howl of weeping escaped her. Between heartrending sobs she uttered dreadful words of defiance.

WHEN I returned to Bukit Serene the house was ominously silent. Gilliat explained the cause. Temonggong Koh had returned, and a fresh, flaming row had broken out between Segura and her parents when the chief set eyes on the permanent wave. He was now closeted in his bedroom with his wife, pacing the floor like an angry lion, while Segura lay prostrate in her room, tired and ill from weeping.

Only time could heal the breach—and it seemed that in this case time had been set an unusually difficult task.

Koh and his wife were not just Ibans of an old generation, intolerant as elders sometimes are of novel ideas in youngsters of their own begetting. The gulf between them and Segura was wider than that of a mere generation: it spanned centuries.

Poor Segura, it was not her fault. She was a victim of social circumstances far beyond her comprehension or control. On her were being inflicted the pains of the birth of a new order.

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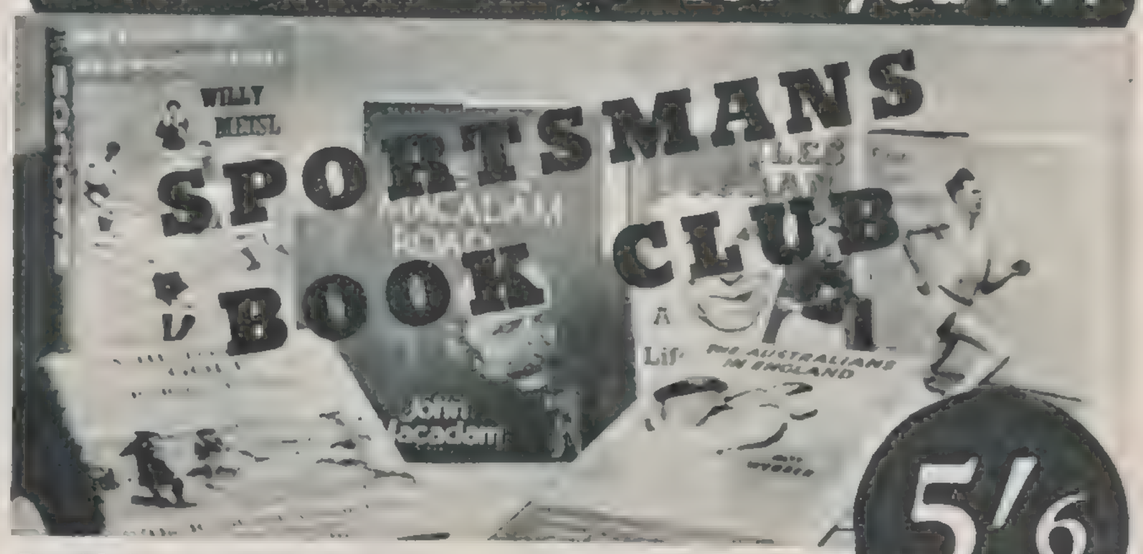

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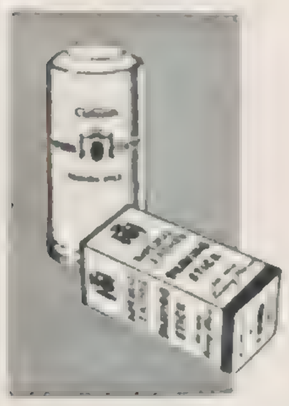

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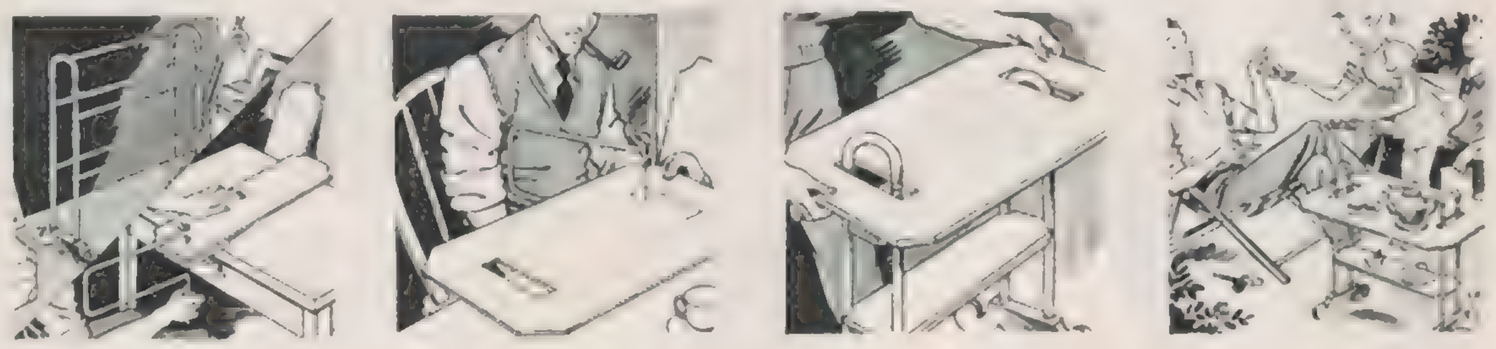

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her and her parents were gradually re-established during the remaining two days at Bukit Serene. She entered with zest into all our activities.

In the Happy World amusement park she sampled every thrill offered for our entertainment, laughing often as she sped on horseback on the merry-go-round, floated upwards on the giant wheel, drove a motor-car round the miniature race-track, shied wooden balls at leering Aunt Sallies, and engaged in all manner of other sports.

Again, when we played blind man's buff, hunt the thimble and similar games in the evenings at Bukit Serene, she was as full of fun as anyone.

Yet in reality she was at that time profoundly unhappy. The contradictions in her life baffled and confused her. Moreover, she was involved in an unfortunate affair of the heart. She confided this to me in a talk at Bukit Serene, with Spurway as interpreter.

The story seemed to be as follows: Before she went to the school at Kapit she had already experienced two or three long-house love affairs.

Ibans marry early, the girls often at fifteen or sixteen, and the youths when they are a year or two older. Temporary liaisons are, within limits, an accepted part of the social and moral code. They are regarded as a natural and proper means by which a girl can eventually find a congenial husband, and a boy a suitable wife. The system permits a number of experiments before the youngsters make their final choice.

A young buck so inclined approaches the couch of the girl who attracts him. She sits within her mosquito net, perhaps expecting him. He crouches beside her and speaks of his love or discusses the weather, according to which tactics he thinks more prudent.

If, after a while, she asks him to roll a cigarette or to wrap a betel-nut for her, he knows that he has her permission to stay the night. Alternatively she may light her small bed-lamp as a sign that he should go. He never questions her decision, nor seeks to overcome her reluctance. He returns to the bachelors' quarters and hopes for better luck next time.

Each of Segura's affairs had ended in her rejecting her suitor when Koh sent her to the mission school in Kapit.

After a while she began to feel starved of the company of the opposite sex to which she was accustomed, and which it was natural for her to enjoy.

Young men from the township were not allowed to visit the school. Occasionally, however, the students were led on expeditions into Kapit, where they strolled round Fort Sylvia, viewed the lake and inspected the bazaar.

The magnetism of the bazaar for Segura grew gradually stronger. Here was a new, fascinating, tinselled way of life, more exciting than the simple, old-fashioned manners of long-house society up the Balleh.

One afternoon she met a young Chinese shopkeeper in the bazaar. She liked his looks, and was glad when she found that he could speak Iban. They conversed together. He had travelled, and he talked to her of the wonders of the wide world. He seemed to be himself a part of that freer, more spacious existence, with his shop-house, his trade goods, his neat European clothes and his pleasant, courteous speech. Soon she fell in love with him, and how could he do other than lose his heart to her?

Her feeling for him was quite serious, and in that situation it was right and proper for an Iban girl to sleep with her admirer. She realized, however, that for some inexplicable reason her schoolteachers would not approve of this. They did not seem to understand. They gave no facilities for her and her friend to meet; so she was forced to see him by stealth. At nights she climbed through her dormitory window, dropping silently to the grass below, and ran with fast-beating heart to their secret trysting-place.

When she came to Bukit Serene her affair with the young Chinese had continued for some time. It had the magic touch of romance for her, and yet already showed signs of being only a half-happy arrangement. The fact that she was forced to conduct her friendship in secret cast a shadow across it. She wished it to be a publicly acknowledged alliance, like any similar relationship in a long-house, a companionship as irreproachable as it was sincere.

Moreover, the Chinese lover never regarded it as the tentative trial which Iban custom decreed. An old-fashioned Chinese, brought up in a different social tradition, he assumed that any young woman who gave herself to him was willing to become either his permanent wife or his regular concubine. How could she have realized that his attitude would differ from hers?

In this complicated situation she had hoped for friendly help from her parents when she returned home and told them of her latest love affair. Instead she received a fierce blast of their displeasure. That she, the daughter of the Iban paramount chief should be thus involved with a foreigner filled their cup of disappointment to the brim.

In her distress only her Chinese friend was gentle and kind to her, and this increased her dependence on him. Yet—she told Spurway and me with tears in her eyes—she was inclined to think that she did not want to marry him. She was fond of him and grateful to him, but her people's prejudice against a Chinese made her sceptical about matrimony.

WHAT was she to do? My first impulse was to arrange for her to stay for a while in Singapore to continue her education and adapt herself to urban life. But the risks of failure, of misfit and misery for her, were too great for this idea to mature seriously.

My wife was at that time away in Canada, and so was not available to give the girl sympathetic feminine help. Moreover, if Segura stayed in Singapore, she would probably never wish to return to Sarawak. That would mean permanent separation from her family, and a loss of her to her people. It seemed wrong, for she was just the type of young woman who might play an important part in the tactful transition of the Ibans from their present primitive state into the more progressive society which is their destiny.

Spurway and I pondered the problem anxiously, and could find no satisfactory solution to it. There seemed no way in which we foreigners could with certainty make a helpful intervention. It appeared better to let matters take whatever course Koh and his wife, their Iban friends and Segura herself decided to be best for her.

We tried to discuss the matter with Koh, to induce in him a warmer understanding and sympathy for his baffled daughter; but a tactful sounding of the old man revealed that he was in obstinate mood, not amenable to reason. So Segura's problem was as confused as ever when she and her parents left Bukit Serene, and I waved goodbye to them aboard the ship which carried them back to Sarawak.

NEXT WEEK: Segura elopes to escape her chosen suitor

VANITY—3

If I were a medical man, I would prescribe a holiday to any patient who considered his work important.

Bertrand Russell

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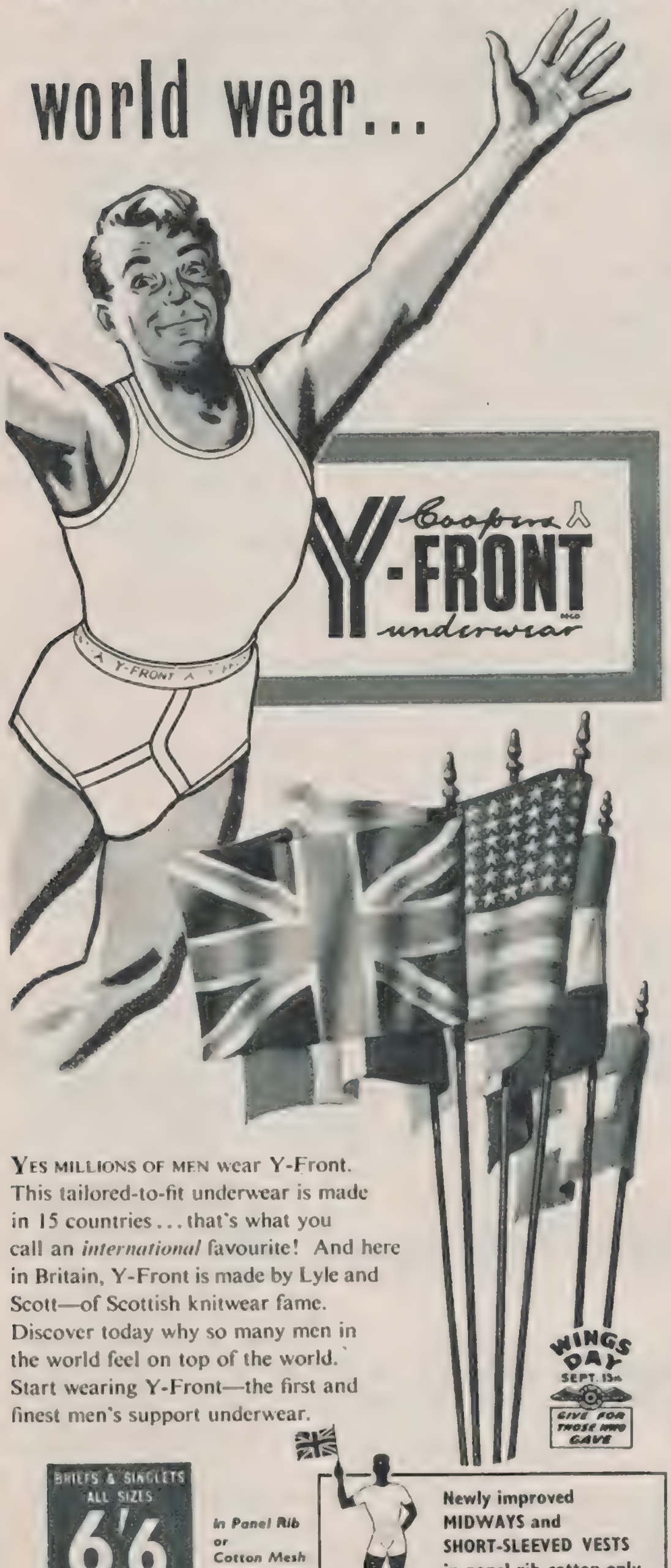

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Last encounter

Continued from page 14

Frank was certain that she was the only girl in the world. He was intensely proud of her, and enjoyed showing her off. Looking back, they were an impossibly youthful pair of young asses. But it was all rather charming and uncomplicated—except that he was jealous. She laughed at him, and teased him, and he was rather ashamed of himself and tried to suppress it. But he was still jealous.

They had little enough time together. He was working hard, and was often unable to see her. As bad luck would have it, he couldn't take her to the All Ranks' Dance.

"I can't help it. I'm on guard duty that night," he said.

"Can't you change with someone?" she asked.

"No. I've tried."

But she was so deliciously disappointed that in the end he said: "Look, I'll try and arrange to take a late turn. If I wangle it properly, I'll be able to take you, but I'll have to leave you there. Will that be all right?"

"Oh, thank you, darling," she cried, laughing, and flinging her arms around his neck. So that was all right.

She seemed to be enjoying herself when Frank left the dance, and he found the solitude of guard duty doubly unpleasant for the memory of the cheerful noise and bright lights.

There was a bus to take the invited civilian girls back to the town, and when Frank heard it grinding towards him along the road out of the camp, he felt a faint sense of relief. Now there was no dance to regret.

The bus stopped at the barrier, and Frank climbed in with the idea of wishing Myra good night——

Myra wasn't there.

Frank got out and walked round to the driver's cabin. The driver said: "Hurry up, mate. I want to get to

VANITY—4

Vanity causes us to do more things against our inclination than reason does.

La Rochefoucauld

bed. There's no deserters 'idden away."

"There's a girl missing," Frank said. "Small, slim girl with golden hair."

"That's right. She lost a shoe. I couldn't wait for her."

"How's she going to get home?"

"There's a feller looking after her. Big, good-looking bloke. Know his name as well as anything."

"North?"

"That's it. He said he'd get her home. I daren't wait, mate. You know the rules about this blinking bus."

Frank climbed down, raised the barrier, and watched the red light of the bus disappear along the road. *A shoe,* he thought, half humorously at first, *how the devil can you lose a shoe at a dance?*

Then, almost against his will, that unpleasant blotch of jealousy began to form, so that the loss of a shoe might seem a sinister thing.

North was a handsome man, older than most of them, more experienced. Perhaps the whole thing had been arranged? Perhaps North intended to use it to his own advantage?

This was nonsense, he told himself irritably. But it seemed a long time before he heard their footsteps coming along the road. Long enough for stupid, unworthy thoughts to whisper and insinuate themselves.

If he stood quite still, he could hear their voices now, low and soft, as if they were speaking of private, pleasant matters. Now and again Myra's laugh, which he knew so well, rang delicately in the silence.

He moved into the shadow of the guardroom, so that they could not see him, while his heart pounded and his mouth was dry. North was saying: "You're shivering. Are you cold?"

"A little."

The footsteps stopped. "Here, have my greatcoat."

"Just open it, and I'll come inside."

Frank could vaguely see the strong arm go round her, and heard her say gently: "You're very nice." Then he bawled: "Cadet! Come here!"

North stopped, took off his greatcoat, put it round Myra's shoulders, and walked over to the guardroom. Frank opened the door, pushed him inside, and slammed it behind them. North blinked in the unaccustomed light, then his eyes focused on Frank.

Frank said: "You know you're not allowed out of camp."

"Can't be helped," said North. "I've tried to get a taxi, but no one will turn out."

FRANK wanted to ask bitterly why Myra hadn't been on the bus. He said flatly: "You're not going out."

"Is she your girl?" North asked, amused.

"Just get back to your quarters."

North's face went hard. "Stop playing policeman. You can't get the girl home. I can" He moved towards the door.

Frank stepped in front of him. "The guard commander will be round soon. He can get on to the orderly officer. He can arrange transport."

"While," said North, his eyes cold, "you are cutting off lengths of red tape, the girl could have been home long ago. You can put me on a charge when I get back if you want to. Now get out of my way."

Frank didn't move. North pushed him aside with a sweep of his arm.

If Frank had kept his head, the trouble might have been slight and forgotten in a day or two. He didn't. He hit North in the face, hard. North staggered and fell against the big stove. He was on his feet at once, and leaped at Frank.

The whole thing only lasted a few seconds. North was heavier, more powerful, and knew what he was doing. Soon Frank was cut and bleeding. His lips were puffed, and the taste of blood was salt in his mouth.

With a last rally of his strength, Frank launched a despairing swing with his right fist. It landed on North's face, and he heard a crunch, and felt something give. Then North was writhing on the ground, blood pouring from his face.

The door opened, and Myra's scream rang out, shrilly. Frank didn't turn round. He stood swaying, dully watching North. North pulled himself up and, when he stood on his feet, there was a shovel in one hand.

It was then that the service police arrived.

The repercussions were unpleasant and lasting, and Frank often thought that, if pilots hadn't been scarce, he would have been thrown off the course. It took him a long time to live the episode down.

But his cuts healed and the swelling subsided and the bruises disappeared. When North came out of sick bay, his nose was twisted across his handsome face.

Frank saw North once again, just before he was posted, as he made his way towards the transport. North stopped and faced him.

Frank stared, fascinated, at the broken, crushed nose, a sick regret in his heart. He was searching for words when North spoke. "You were lucky, Bellamy," he said. "But your luck will run out one day. I'll remember you."

He turned and climbed into the truck, and that was the last Frank saw of him.

Until today. . . .

Automatically Frank answered the routine questions, while his eyes searched North's face for any sign of recognition. There was none.

Cautiously, Frank began to hope. After all, it was a long time, and clearly North was a very important and busy man. What more likely than that he should have forgotten a thing that had happened many years ago?

North laid the papers aside, and

"That's fine—except that it should be pointing this way"

Frank tensed himself. If it was coming, this was the moment.

North said: "You will forgive some very personal questions?"

"Of course."

Leaning back in his chair, North picked up a paper knife. He said: "You had a distinguished active service record. D.S.O. and D.F.C. You held senior rank comparatively young. And then"—he gestured—"you lost your acting rank. You remained static for years. Is that why you left the R.A.F.?"

"Partly. I knew I should never get anywhere after. . . ." He glanced swiftly at North, but he didn't seem to have noticed the hesitation. He added: "I'm rather ambitious, you see."

"Well, we need an ambitious man. What happened then?"

"It's all on the application form," Frank said.

"I know," North said softly. "Management trainee, junior personnel officer and so on. Quite good opportunities. What happened?"

There was a choice. Excuses or the truth.

Frank chose the truth. He usually did. . . .

NORTH listened patiently to his recital, saying nothing, making no comment. At the end, he merely said again: "What happened then?"

"I joined an export agency." Frank took a deep breath. "The commencing salary wasn't high, but the chances seemed good. I was delighted when I was eventually offered a partnership. I took it."

"You paid for it?"

"A substantial sum."

"Go on."

"There were two partners beside myself. They absconded soon afterwards and took every penny we possessed. The business was finished, worthless. I suppose I should have known that."

He looked at North. "You probably know that, in a partnership, any partner is liable for the debts of the others."

"You could have gone bankrupt."

"I know. I half considered that. But it seemed to me that it was my mistake, and that there was no reason why others should suffer. I decided to try and pay in full."

"Could you?"

"Not then, no. The creditors were very good. They agreed to take so much immediately, and let me spread the remainder over several years. We sold our house, and moved into a flat. That helped"

"How much have you paid so far?"

"About half."

North sat forward and made some notes. Frank watched his bent head. He seemed interested, even cordial. Could he be playing a cat and mouse game, amusing himself?

Then North looked up, his face expressionless. He said: "So to you this vacancy with the Esterby Corporation represents an admirable chance to put your financial affairs in order."

"That isn't quite fair." Frank paused and tried to marshal his thoughts accurately. "It's true that the salary looms large to me. But there is something more important."

"What is that?"

"As I understand it, I should have a definite responsibility. That's the main thing. To be able to give, to know that I am, in a small way, of some importance. I believe I can serve you well. In return, I shall get something more important in the long run than money. I shall get back my self-respect."

"I accept your correction," said North. "But let us say that, in the short run, you desperately need the financial rewards that we can offer?"

"Yes."

"In fact," said North softly, "if you aren't suitable for this post, you won't know which way to turn?"

"Yes," said Frank as if hypnotized.

"Thank you."

North leaned sideways, and flicked a switch. Frank waited but nothing happened. He glanced at North. North said: "We tape-record all interviews so that they can be studied afterwards. The formal part of this interview is over, so I've switched it off. You're not supposed to know that of course, but in your case"—he smiled ironically—"I don't think it matters much."

Frank sat helplessly, waiting for it. North stroked his nose reflectively. "Frank Bellamy," he said, "after all these years."

Something collapsed inside Frank, leaving him hollow and empty. So it was all a charade, a carefully rigged game for North's private amusement. There was to be no job, no last chance, no opportunity to win back his self-respect.

He stood up and walked towards the door. There was one more thing to be

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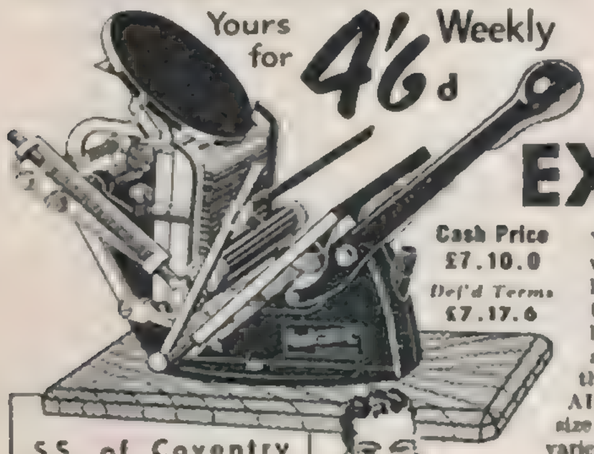

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said. He turned and looked at North, who was still sitting there smiling.

"I think you might have dispensed with this rather lengthy form of amusement," said Frank, "but I must say one thing. The fight was the result of my bad temper. I'm sorry."

North didn't seem to be doing anything in particular except smiling an odd smile.

Frank said: "I was going to apologize to you that last time we met, but I couldn't find the right words." He sighed. "I never thought it would matter so much."

North said: "Did you ever see her again?"

"Myra? No. It was a week or two before I could have got in touch with her, and then, well . . . would you? Did you, in fact?"

North laughed. "No. She seemed sweet enough, but a little cloying for my palate. Your concern for her was touching, but quite unnecessary."

This was merely sparring, Frank knew, with no purpose. It was all over.

"I'm not going to pretend that I don't wish you were someone else," he said. "But I'm glad to have had the chance of making a very overdue apology."

He opened the door. The corridor stretched high and empty before him.

North's voice said: "Is that all? Don't you think a little more deference might help me to forget?"

Frank knew what he meant. To abase himself, to throw himself on North's mercy. He said coldly: "I'll see you in hell first."

"That is the reply I expected," North said contentedly. "You will receive a letter officially offering you the appointment tomorrow morning. In the meantime, my congratulations and best wishes."

Frank stood as if paralysed, his brain refusing to take this in. He turned slowly. "If this is your idea of a game——"

"I can see that we still don't understand each other," said North. "Perhaps it's just as well that you will be based on Geneva. I take it your wife will have no objection to that?"

Frank shook his head dumbly.

"I have not been playing a game, except in one small instance," said North. "Personal feelings have no place in this corporation, even if I had any, which I haven't. You've apologized to me for starting that scrap. I accept that. But as a member of the guard you were doing your duty in preventing me from leaving the camp, and I was being very stiff-necked about it."

He stroked his nose, as if by habit. "You also seem to have a guilt complex about landing a sucker punch on my face. Does it help you if I remind you that I completely lost my head, and that if the service police hadn't arrived I should probably have brained you with a shovel?"

Frank managed to smile.

"My R.A.F. career," North continued, "finished up in the Air Ministry, you know, so I know a bit about your activities. I know why you didn't get promotion, and I may say that, in that instance, my sympathies were with you. When Morgan mentioned you, I thought immediately that you were just the man we were looking for."

"You concealed that view rather well."

"You might call this job one for a trouble-shooter, someone who's not afraid to speak his mind, not scared of upsetting people. I'd pretty well appointed you before you got here. But you were so meek and mild during the interview, I began to wonder, so I engineered a little scene. I'm sorry about that."

"I was trying too hard."

"Now," said North briskly. "I want you to spend the rest of the day here. All right?"

"If I can phone my wife," said Frank dazedly.

"There's a direct outside line on the desk," North said, waving his hand. "Help yourself. I'll be back in a minute."

FRANK watched him go, a tall, powerful figure. A big man, he realized. It took a little while for the friendly neighbour to fetch Jane to the telephone. When he heard her voice, he said: "Darling, you'll have to fetch the children from school."

"Is there something wrong?"

"No, everything's right . . . Jane—I've got it. I've got the job."

"I knew they'd like you," she said happily.

"Yes. Well, I'll tell you all about it tonight."

Except perhaps about telling North to go to hell, he thought. Jane wouldn't like that. THE END

Dead man's folly

Continued from page 24

Mr. Tucker, "to come and ask about Marlene. Ah, that was a terrible business, to be sure."

"I have just called upon Mrs. Folliat," said Monsieur Poirot. "She, too, seems to feel this very deeply."

"She's been poorly-like ever since," said Mrs. Tucker. "She's an old lady and it was a shock to her, happening as it did at her own place."

Poirot noted once more everybody's unconscious assumption that Nasse House still belonged to Mrs. Folliat.

"Who suggested that Marlene should play the victim?" he asked.

"The lady from London that writes the books," said Mrs. Tucker promptly.

"But she was a stranger down here," Poirot said mildly. "She did not even know Marlene."

"'Twas Mrs. Masterton, the M.P.'s wife, what rounded the girls up," said Mrs. Tucker, "and I suppose she said Marlene was to do it."

Once again, Poirot felt, he came up against a blank wall. But he knew now what Mrs. Oliver had felt when she first sent for him. Someone had been working in the dark, someone who had pushed forward their own desires through other recognized personalities. Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Masterton: those were the figureheads.

He said: "I have been wondering, Mrs. Tucker, whether Marlene was already acquainted with this—er—homicidal maniac."

"She wouldn't know nobody like that," said Mrs. Tucker virtuously.

"Ah," said Poirot, "but, as your husband has just observed, these maniacs are very difficult to spot. Someone may have made friends with her in a perfectly harmless manner. Given her presents, perhaps."

"Oh no, sir, nothing of that kind. Marlene wouldn't take presents from a stranger. I brought her up better than that."

"But she might see no harm in it," said Poirot, persisting. "Supposing it had been some nice lady who had offered her things?"

"Someone, you mean, like young Mrs. Legge down at the Mill Cottage?"

"Yes," said Poirot. "Someone like that."

"Give Marlene a lipstick once, she did," said Mrs. Tucker. "Ever so mad, I was. 'I won't have you using that muck, Marlene,' I said."

"But she didn't agree with you, I expect," said Poirot, smiling.

"When I say a thing I mean it," said Mrs. Tucker.

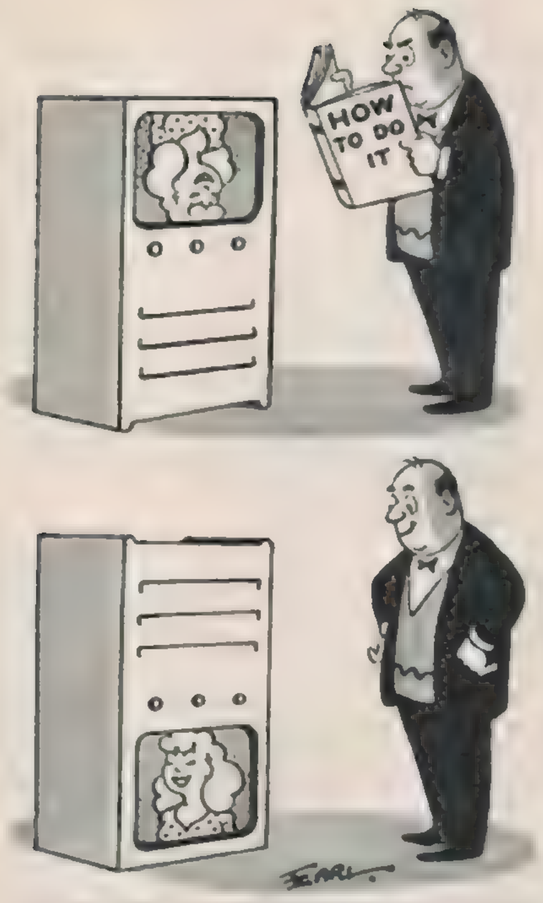
The fat Marylin suddenly gave an amused giggle. Poirot shot her a keen glance. "Did Mrs. Legge give Marlene anything else?" he asked.

"Believe she gave her a scarf or summat—one she hadn't no more use for. A bit sharp I was with Marlene for taking it."

Mrs. Tucker's eyes were suddenly misty. "And her gorn in that terrible way. Wished afterwards I hadn't spoken so sharp. Ah, nought but trouble and funerals lately, it seems! Troubles never come singly, so they say, and it's true enough."

"You have had other losses?" inquired Poirot politely.

"The wife's father," explained Mr. Tucker. "Came across the ferry in his



boat from the Three Dogs late at night, and must have missed his footing getting on to the quay and fallen in the river."

"Father was a great one for the boats always," said Mrs. Tucker. "Used to look after them in the old days for Mr. Folliat, years and years ago that was. Not," she added brightly, "as Father's much loss, as you might say. Well over ninety, he was, and trying in many of his ways. Always babbling some nonsense or other. 'Twas time he went. But of course we had to bury him nice—and two funerals running cost a lot of money."

These economic reflections passed Poirot by—a faint remembrance was stirring. He said: "An old man—on the quay? I remember talking to him. Was his name——?"

"Merdell, sir. That was my name before I married."

"Your father, if I remember rightly, was head gardener at Nasse?"

"No—that was my eldest brother. I was the youngest of the family—eleven of us, there were." She added with some pride: "There's been Merdells at Nasse for years, but they're all scattered now. Father was the last of us."

Poirot said softly, "There'll always be Folliats at Nasse House."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"I am repeating what your old father said to me on the quay."

"Ah, talked a lot of nonsense, Father did."

"So Marlene was Merdell's granddaughter," said Poirot. "Yes—I begin to see. . . ." He was silent for a moment, an immense excitement was surging within him. "Your father was drowned, you say, in the river?"

"Yes, sir. Took a drop too much, he did. Missed his footing, I'd say. . . . Ah, well, accidents do happen."

An accident? mused Poirot. *I wonder.* He got up. "I should have guessed. Guessed long ago. The child practically told me——"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"It is nothing," said Poirot. "Once more I tender you my condolences both on the death of your daughter and on that of your father."

He shook hands with them both and left the cottage. He said to himself: "I have been foolish—very foolish. I have looked at everything the wrong way round."

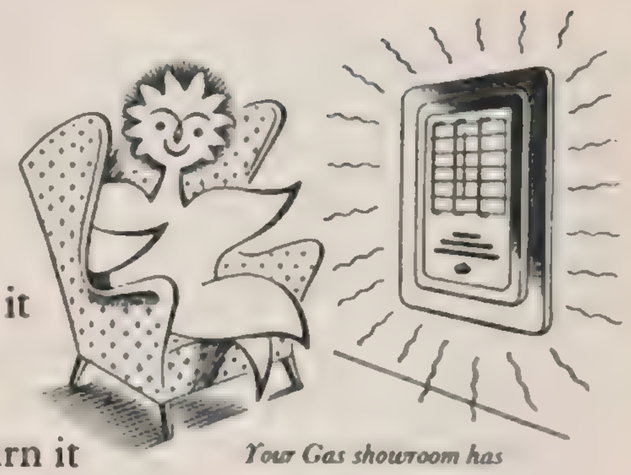
"Hi—mister!"

Poirot looked round. The fat child Marylin was standing in the shadow of the cottage wall. She beckoned him to her and spoke in a whisper. "Mum don't know everything," she said. "Marlene didn't get that scarf off of the lady down at the cottage."

"Where did she get it?"

"Bought it in Torquay. Bought some lipstick, too, and some scent—Newt in Paris—funny name. And a

Now that's something like a fire!



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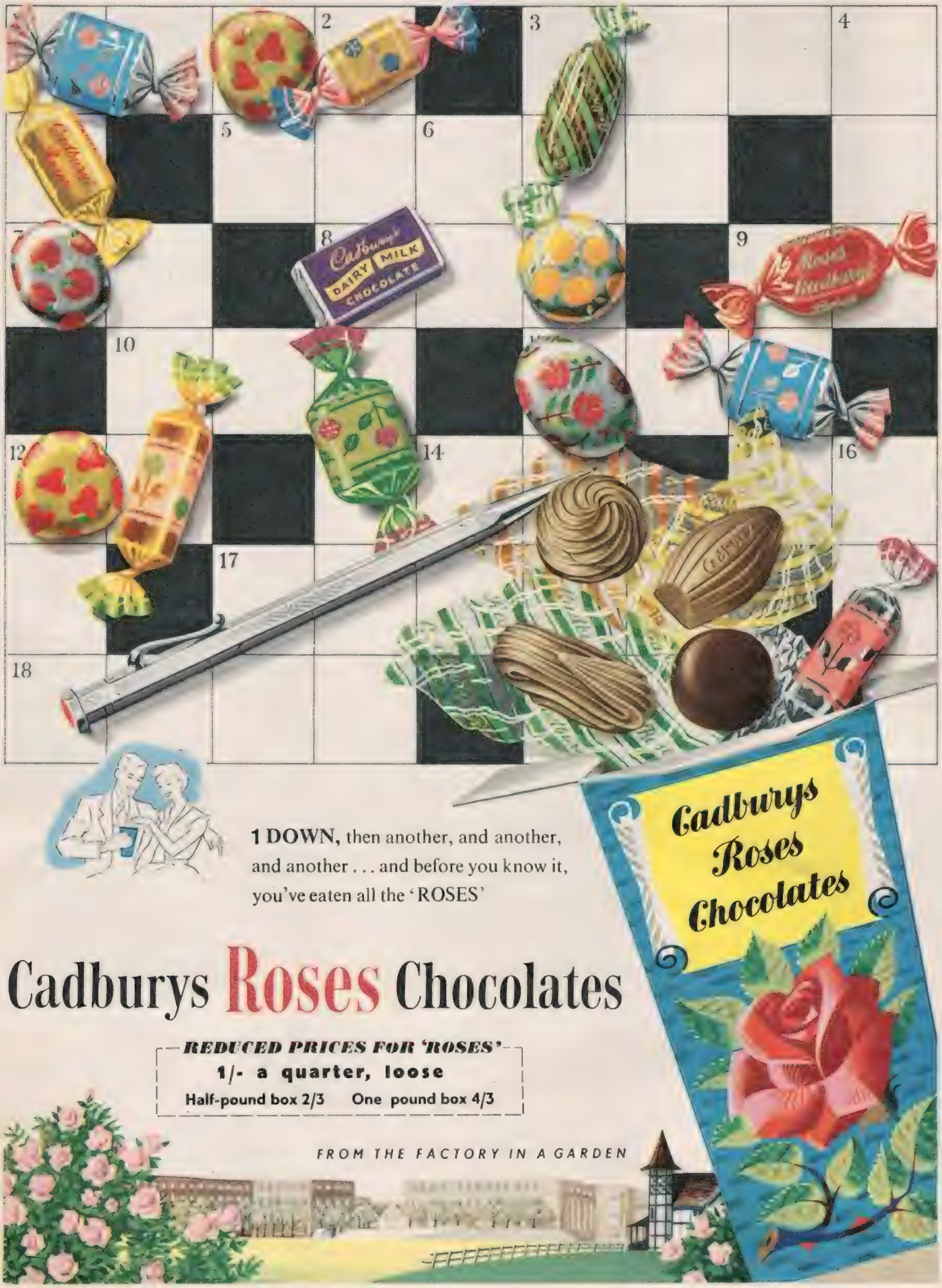

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FROM THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

jar of foundation cream, what she'd read about in an advertisement." Marylin giggled. "Mum doesn't know. Hid it at the back of her drawer, Marlene did, under her winter vests. Used to go into the convenience at the bus stop and do herself up, when she went to the pictures."

"Didn't your mother find these things after your sister died?"

Marylin shook her fair, fluffy head. "No," she said, "I got 'em now—in my drawer. Mum doesn't know."

Poirot eyed her consideringly and said: "You seem a very clever girl, Marylin. Tell me, how did Marlene get the money to buy these things?"

Marylin looked with close attention at the drainpipe. "Dunno," she muttered.

"I think you do know," said Poirot. Shamelessly he drew out half a crown from his pocket and added another half a crown to it.

Marylin's hand advanced towards the five shillings. She spoke in a rapid whisper. "She used to snoop about a bit, Marlene did. Used to see goings-on—you know what! Marlene would promise not to tell and then they'd give her a present, see?"

Poirot relinquished the five shillings.

So many things now fell into place. Not all of it was clear yet by any means—but he was on the right track; a perfectly clear trail all the way, if only he had had the wit to see it. . . .

A public telephone box stood adjacent to the village post office. He

VANITY—5

Life without vanity is almost impossible.

Tolstoy

entered it and rang up a number. A few minutes later he was speaking to Inspector Bland of the local police.

"Well, Monsieur Poirot, where are you?"

"I am here, at Nasse."

"But you were in London yesterday afternoon."

"It only takes three and a half hours to come here by a good train," Poirot pointed out. "I have a question for you. What kind of a yacht did Etienne de Sousa have?"

"Maybe I can guess what you're thinking, Monsieur Poirot, but I assure you it wasn't fitted up for smuggling, if that's what you mean. There was nowhere on it you could have stowed away a body."

"You are wrong, *mon cher*, that is not what I mean. I only asked what kind of yacht. Big or small?"

"Oh—it was very fancy—must have cost the earth. All very smart, newly painted, luxury fittings."

"Exactly," said Poirot "Etienne de Sousa was a rich man. That, my friend, is very significant."

"Why?" demanded Inspector Bland.

"It fits in with my latest idea," said Poirot.

"You've got an idea, then?".

"Yes. At last I have an idea. Up to now I have been very stupid."

"But now you're definitely on to something? Look here, Monsieur Poirot——"

But Poirot had rung off. After searching his pockets for available change, he put through a personal call to Mrs. Oliver at her London number.

"It's splendid that you've rung me up," she said when she heard who it was. "I was just going out to give a talk on 'How I Write My Books.' Now I can get my secretary to ring up and say I am unavoidably detained."

"But, madame, you must not let me prevent——"

"It is not a case of preventing," said Mrs. Oliver joyfully. "I'd have made the most awful fool of myself.

"Half a minute, I've got a frightfully silly hat on for the talk—and I *must* take it off. It scratches my forehead."

There was a momentary pause and then the voice of Mrs. Oliver resumed in a relieved tone: "Hats are really only a symbol, nowadays, aren't they? I mean one doesn't wear them for sensible reasons any more; to keep one's head warm, or shield one from the sun, or hide one's face from people one doesn't want to meet. I beg your pardon, Monsieur Poirot, did you say something?"

"It was an ejaculation only," said Poirot. "It is extraordinary—always you give me ideas. You have given me now the clue to yet another piece of my problem. But no more of all that. Let me ask you instead a question. Do you know an atom scientist, madame?"

"Do I know an atom scientist?" said Mrs. Oliver in a surprised voice. "I don't know. I suppose I *may*."

"Yet you made an atom scientist a suspect in your murder hunt?"

"Oh *that*! That was just to be up to date. After all, if I'd needed a little technical jargon for it, I could always have got it from Alec Legge."

"Alec Legge—the husband of Peggy Legge? Is he an atom scientist?"

"Yes, he is. Not Harwell. Wales somewhere. Cardiff—or Bristol, is it? It's just a holiday cottage they have on the Helm. Yes, so of course I *do* know an atom scientist after all!"

"And it was meeting him at Nasse House that probably put the idea of an atom scientist into your head? But his wife is not Yugoslavian."

"Oh, *no*!" said Mrs. Oliver. "Peggy is English as English."

"Then what put the idea of the Yugoslavian wife into your head?"

"I really don't know . . . refugees perhaps? Students? All those foreign girls at the youth hostel trespassing through the Nasse woods and speaking broken English."

"I see. . . . Yes, I see now a lot of things."

"It's about time," said Mrs. Oliver.

"*Pardon?*"

"I said it was about time," said Mrs. Oliver, "that you did see things, I mean. Up to now you don't seem to have done *anything*." Her voice held reproach.

"One cannot arrive at things all in a moment," said Poirot, defending himself. "The matter has been complex. Extremely complex. But now—I tell you this in confidence—but now I arrive.

"There is something else I wanted to ask you," Poirot went on. "I made one grave mistake. I never read your synopsis for competitors in the murder hunt. In the gravity of discovering a murder, it did not seem to matter. I was wrong. It did matter. You are a sensitive person, madame. You are affected by your atmosphere, by the personalities of the people you meet. And these are translated into your work. Not recognizably so, but they are the inspiration from which your fertile brain draws its creations."

MRS. OLIVER was wary. "That's very nice flowery language, but what exactly do you mean?"

"That you have always known more about this crime than you have realized yourself. Now for the question I want to ask you—two questions actually, but the first is very important. . . . Did you, when you first began to 'plan' your murder hunt, mean the body to be discovered in the boathouse?"

"No, I didn't."

"Where did you intend it to be?"

"In that funny little summerhouse tucked away in the rhododendrons near the house. I thought it was just the place. But then someone, I can't remember who exactly, began insisting that it should be found in the Folly. Well, that, of course, was an *absurd* idea. I mean, anyone could have strolled in there quite casually and come across it without having followed a single clue. People are so stupid. Of course, I couldn't agree to *that*."

"So, instead, you accepted the boathouse?"

"Yes, that's just how it happened."

"There is one thing more. Do you remember telling me that there was a final clue written on one of the comics that Marlene was given to amuse her?"

"Yes, of course."

"Tell me, was it something like—" he forced his memory back to a

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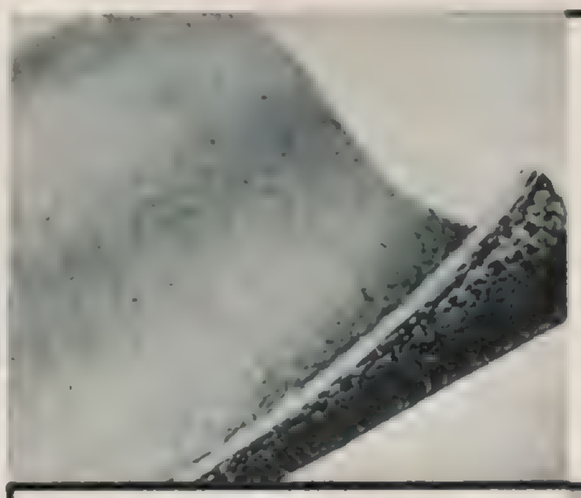

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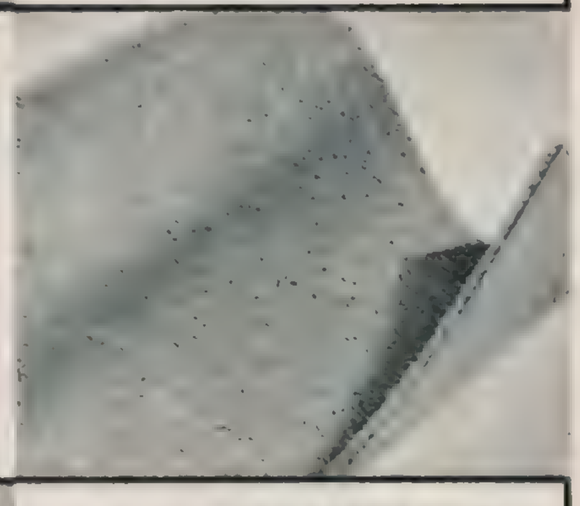

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FRESH UP FROM SOMERSET

moment when he stood reading various scrawled phrases—"like Albert goes with Doreen? Georgie Porgie kisses hikers in the woods. . . . ?"

"Good gracious me, no!" said Mrs. Oliver in a slightly shocked voice. "It wasn't anything silly like that. No, mine was a perfectly straightforward clue." She lowered her voice and spoke in mysterious tones: "Look in the hiker's rucksack."

"*Epatant!*" cried Poirot. "*Epatant!* Of course! The comic with that on it *would* have to be taken away. It might have given someone ideas."

"The rucksack, of course, was on the floor by the body and——"

"Ah, but it is another rucksack of which I am thinking."

"You're confusing me with all these rucksacks," Mrs. Oliver complained. "There was only one in my murder story. Don't you want to know what was in it?"

"Not in the least," said Poirot. "That is to say," he added politely, "I should be enchanted to hear, of course, but some other time. At the moment, if you will excuse me, I must proceed with great haste."

Steeling himself to turn a deaf ear to Mrs. Oliver's protests, he rang off.

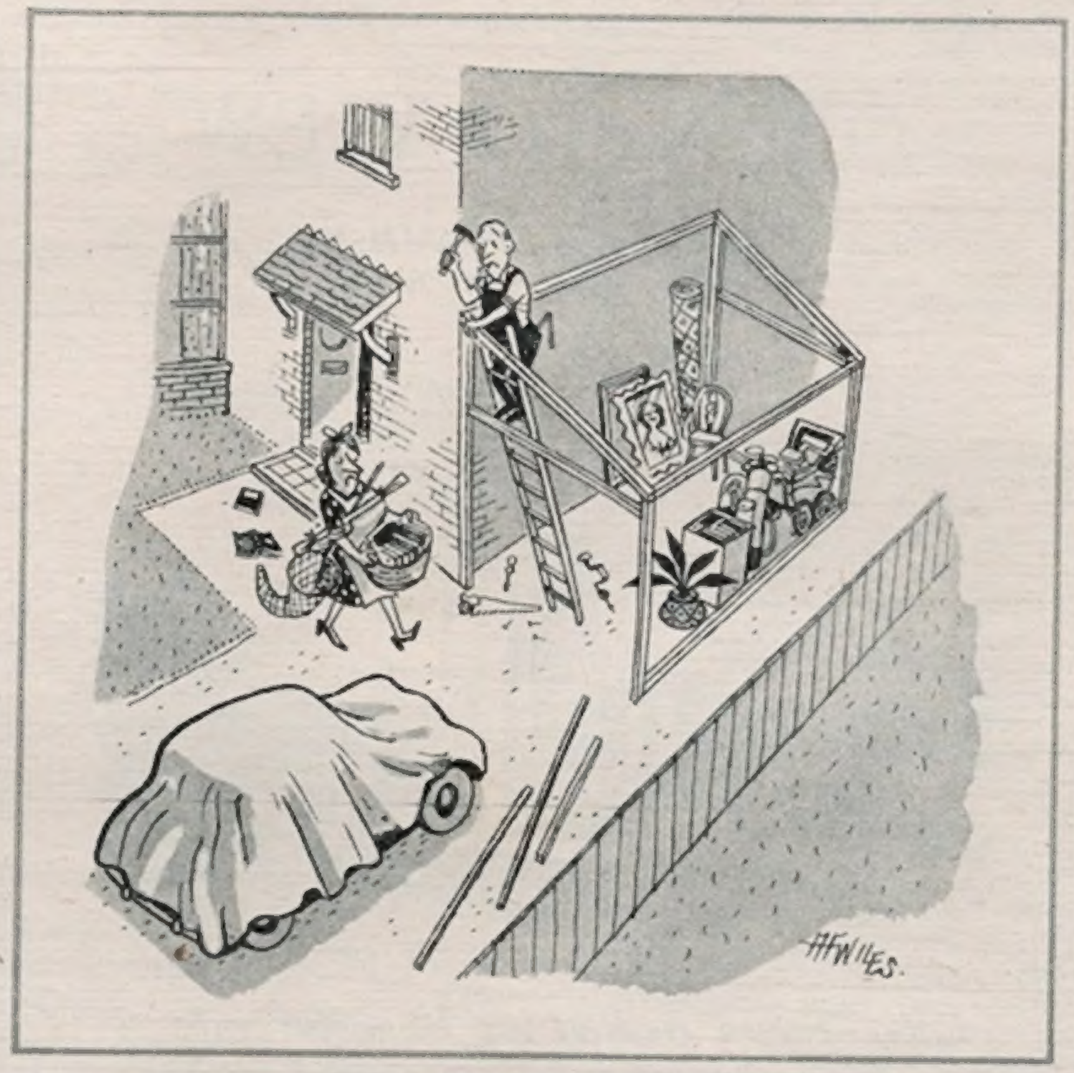
The sun was setting when Poirot came to what was called officially Mill Cottage, and known locally as the Pink Cottage, down by Lawder's Creek. He knocked on the door and it was flung open with such suddenness that he started back.

The angry-looking young man in the doorway stared at him for a moment without recognizing him. Then he gave a short laugh. "Hullo," he said, "it's the sleuth. Come in, Monsieur Poirot. I'm packing up."

Poirot stepped into the cottage. Books, papers and articles of stray clothing were strewn all around. An open suitcase stood on the floor.

"The final break up of the *ménage*," said Alec Legge. "Peggy has cleared out. I expect you know that."

"I did not know it, no."



ALEC LEGGE gave a short laugh. "I'm glad there's something you don't know. Yes, she's had enough of married life. Going to link up her life with that tame architect."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Poirot, sitting down on the corner of the sofa, "because I do not think she will be as happy with him as she would be with you."

"She hasn't been particularly happy with me this last six months."

"Six months is not a lifetime" said Poirot. "It is a very short space out of what might be a long, happy married life."

"Talking rather like a parson, aren't you?"

"Possibly. May I say, Mr. Legge, that if your wife has not been happy with you it is probably more your fault than hers?"

"She certainly thinks so. Everything's my fault, I suppose. I might as well drown myself in the damn river and have done with it."

Poirot looked at him thoughtfully. "I am glad to observe," he remarked, "that you are now more perturbed with your own troubles than with those of the world."

"The world can go hang," said Mr. Legge. He added bitterly: "I seem to have made the most complete fool of myself all along the line."

"Yes," said Poirot, "I would say that you have been more unfortunate than reprehensible in your conduct."

Alec Legge stared at him. "Who hired you to sleuth me? How do you know whether I've been unfortunate or made a fool of myself or what?"

"From the result of observation and reflection," said Poirot. "Shall I make a little guess, and will you tell me if I am right?"

"You can make as many little guesses as you like," said Alec Legge. "But don't expect me to play."

"I think," said Poirot, "that some years ago you had an interest and sympathy for a certain political party—like many other young men of a scientific bent. In your profession such sympathies and tendencies are naturally regarded with suspicion. I do not think you were ever seriously compromised, but I *do* think that pressure was brought upon you to consolidate your position in a way you did not want to consolidate it.

"You tried to withdraw and you were faced with a threat. You were given a rendezvous with someone. I doubt if I shall ever know that young man's name. He will be for me always *the young man in the turtle shirt.*"

Alec Legge gave a sudden explosion of laughter. He said: "I suppose that shirt was a bit of a joke. At the time I wasn't in the mood to see the funny side of it."

"What with worry over the fate of the world, and the worry over your own predicament," Poirot continued, "you became, if I may say so, a man almost impossible for any woman to live with happily. You did not confide in your wife. That was unfortunate for you, as I should say that your wife was a woman of loyalty, and that if she had realized how unhappy and desperate you were, she would have been wholeheartedly on your side. Instead of that she merely began to compare you, unfavourably, with a former friend of hers, Michael Weyman."

He rose. "I should advise you, Mr. Legge, to complete your packing as soon as possible, to follow your wife to London, to ask her to forgive you and to tell her all that you have been through."

There was a moment's silence. Then Alec Legge burst into a wild peal of laughter. "Do you know," he said, "I think I'll take your advice. Divorce is damned expensive. Anyway, if you've got hold of the woman you want and are then not able to keep her, it's a bit humiliating, don't you think? I shall go up to her flat in Chelsea, and if I find Weyman there I shall take hold of him by that hand-knitted pansy tie he wears and throttle the life out of him! I'd enjoy that. Yes, I'd enjoy it a good deal."

His face suddenly lit up with a most attractive smile. "Sorry for my filthy temper," he said, "and thanks a lot." He clapped Poirot on the shoulder. With the force of the blow Poirot staggered and all but fell. Mr. Legge's friendship was certainly more painful than his animosity.

"And now," said Poirot, leaving Mill Cottage on painful feet and looking up at the darkening sky, "where do I go . . . ?"

The chief constable and Inspector Bland were waiting in Helmmouth Police Station, after Monsieur Poirot's urgent phone call to Bland asking them to meet him there.

The chief constable was not in the best of tempers. Only Bland's quiet persistence had caused him to cancel his dinner appointment for that evening.

"I know, Bland, I know," he said fretfully. "Maybe he was a little Belgian wizard in his day—but surely, man, his day's over. He's what age?"

Bland slid tactfully over the answer to this queston which, in any case, he did not know. He said: "The point is, sir, he was *there*—on the spot. And we're not getting anywhere any other way. Up against a blank wall, that's where we are."

It was at that very moment that Hercule Poirot was shown in. His appearance was not as immaculate as usual. His moustache was limp; his patent leather shoes were heavily coated with mud; he limped, and his hair was ruffled.

"I cannot imagine," he said, "how it was I did not see the truth before."

"We want evidence," said the chief constable dryly. "Have you got evidence, Monsieur Poirot?"

"I can tell you where to find the evidence."

Inspector Bland spoke. "Such as?"

Poirot turned to him and asked a question. "Etienne de Sousa has, I suppose, left the country?"

"Two weeks ago." Bland added bitterly: "It won't be easy to get him back."

"He might be persuaded."

"Persuaded? There's not sufficient evidence to warrant an extradition order, then?"

"It is not a question of an extradition order. If the facts are put to him——"

"But *what* facts, Monsieur Poirot?" The chief constable spoke with some irritation. "What *are* these facts you talk about so glibly?"

"The fact that Etienne de Sousa came here in a lavishly appointed yacht, showing that his family is rich; the fact that old Merdell was Marlene Tucker's grandfather—which I did not know until today; the fact that Lady Stubbs was fond of wearing the coolie type of hat; the fact that Mrs. Oliver, in spite of an unbridled and unreliable imagination, is, unrealized by herself, a very shrewd judge of character; the fact that Marlene Tucker had lipsticks and bottles of perfume hidden at the back of her bureau drawer; the fact that Miss Brewis maintains that it was Lady Stubbs who asked her to take a refreshment tray down to Marlene at the boathouse."

"Facts?" The chief constable stared. "You call those facts? But there's nothing new there."

"You prefer evidence—definite evidence—such as . . . Lady Stubbs's body?"

Now it was Bland who stared. He said: "You have found the body?"

"Not actually found it—but I know where it is hidden. You shall go to the spot and, when you have found it, then—*then* you will have evidence—all the evidence you need. For only one person could have hidden it there."

"And who's that?"

Hercule Poirot smiled—the contented smile of a cat who has lapped up a saucer of cream. "The person it so often is," he said softly, "the *husband*. Sir George Stubbs killed his wife."

"But that's impossible, Monsieur Poirot. We know it's impossible."

"Oh, no," said Poirot, "it is not impossible at all. Listen, and I will tell you. . . ."

HERCULE POIROT rapped gently on the door of the little white-plastered lodge. After a few moments' delay he heard footsteps inside. The door was opened by Mrs. Folliat.

She said: "Monsieur Poirot? You again?"

"May I come in?"

"Of course."

He followed her in. She offered him tea which he refused. Then she asked in a quiet voice: "Why have you come?"

"I think you can guess, madame."

Her answer was oblique. "I am very tired," she said.

"I know." He went on: "There have now been three deaths; Hattie Stubbs, Marlene Tucker, old Merdell."

She said sharply: "Merdell? That was an accident. He fell from the quay. He was very old, half blind, and he'd been drinking in the pub."

"It was not an accident. Merdell knew too much."

"What did he know?"

"He recognized a face, or a way of walking, or a voice—something like that. I talked to him the day I first came down here. He told me then all about the Folliat family—about your father-in-law and your husband, and your sons who were killed in the war. Only—they were not *both* killed, were they? Your son Harry went down with his ship, but your second son, James, was not killed. He deserted.

"He was reported at first, perhaps, 'Missing believed killed,' and later you told everyone that he *was* killed. It was nobody's business to disbelieve that statement. Why should they?"

Poirot paused and then went on. "Do not imagine I have no sympathy for you, madame. Life has been hard for you, I know. You can have had no real illusions about your younger son, but he *was* your son, and you loved him. You did all you could to give him a new life.

"You had the charge of a young girl, a subnormal but very rich girl. Oh yes, she was rich. You gave out that her parents had lost all their money, that she was poor, and that you had advised her to marry a rich man many years older than herself. Why should anybody disbelieve your story? Again, it was nobody's business.

"Her parents and near relatives had been killed. A firm of French lawyers in Paris acted as instructed by lawyers in San Miguel. On her marriage, she assumed control of her own fortune. She was, as you have told me, docile, affectionate, suggestible. Everything her husband asked her to sign, she signed. Sir George Stubbs, the new personality assumed by your son, became a rich man and his wife became a pauper.

"It is no legal offence to call yourself 'Sir' unless it is done to obtain money under false pretences. A title creates confidence—it suggests, if not birth, then certainly riches. So the

VANITY—6

Vanity keeps persons in favour with themselves who are out of favour with all others.

Shakespeare

rich Sir George Stubbs, older and changed in appearance and having grown a beard, bought Nasse House and came to live where he belonged, though he had not been there since he was a boy.

"There was nobody left after the devastations of war who was likely to have recognized him. But old Merdell did.

He kept the knowledge to himself, but when he said to me slyly that there 'would always be Folliats at Nasse House,' that was his own private joke.

"So all had turned out well, or so you thought. Your plan, I fully believe, stopped there. Your son had wealth, his ancestral home; and, though his wife was subnormal, she was a beautiful and docile girl, and you hoped he would be kind to her and that she would be happy."

Mrs. Folliat said in a low voice: "That's how I thought it would be—I would look after Hattie and care for her. I never dreamed——"

"You never dreamed—and your son carefully did not tell you—that at the time of the marriage *he was already married*. Oh, yes—we have searched the records for what we knew must exist. Your son had married a girl in Trieste, a girl of the underground criminal world with whom he concealed himself after his desertion.

"She had no mind to be parted from him, nor for that matter had he any intention of being parted from her. He accepted the marriage with Hattie as a means to wealth, but in his own mind he knew from the beginning what he intended to do."

"No, no, I do not believe that! I cannot believe it. . . . It was that woman—that wicked creature——"

Poirot went on inexorably: "He meant *murder*. Hattie had no relations, few friends. Immediately on their return to England, he brought her here. The servants hardly saw her that first evening—and the woman they saw the next morning was not Hattie, but his Italian wife made up as Hattie.

"And there again it might have ended. The false Hattie would have lived out her life as the real Hattie, though doubtless her mental powers would have unexpectedly improved owing to what would vaguely be called 'new treatment.'

"But then a totally unforeseen thing happened. A cousin of Hattie's wrote that he was coming to England on a yachting trip, and although that cousin had not seen her for many years, he would not be likely to be deceived by an imposter.

"There might have been several different ways of meeting that situation," Poirot went on. "But there was already another complication. Old Merdell, garrulous in his old age, used to chatter to his granddaughter.

"She was probably the only person who bothered to listen to him, and even she dismissed most of what he said because she thought him 'batty.' Nevertheless some of the things he said about having seen 'a woman's body in the woods,' and 'Sir George Stubbs being really Mr. James,' made sufficient impression on her to make her hint about them tentatively to Sir George.

"In doing so, of course, she signed her own death warrant. Sir George and his wife could take no chances of stories like that getting around. I imagine that he handed her out small sums of hush money, and proceeded to make his plans.

"They worked out their scheme very carefully. They already knew the date when de Sousa was due at Helmmouth. It coincided with the date fixed for the fête. They arranged their plan so that Marlene should be killed and Lady Stubbs 'disappear' in conditions which should throw vague suspicion on de Sousa. Hence her references to his being a 'wicked man' and the accusation: 'he kills people.'

"Lady Stubbs was to disappear—and a new personality was to take her place. Actually 'Hattie' would merely resume her own Italian personality.

"All that was needed was for her to double the parts over a period of a little more than twenty-four hours, and, with the connivance of Sir George, this was easy. On the day I arrived, 'Lady Stubbs' was supposed to have remained in her room until just before tea-time. Nobody saw her there except Sir George. Actually she slipped out, took a bus or a train to Exeter, and travelled from Exeter in the company of another girl student to whom she confided her story of the friend who had eaten bad veal and ham pie. She arrives at the hostel, books her cubicle, and goes out to 'explore.'

"By tea-time, Lady Stubbs is in the drawing-room. After dinner, Lady Stubbs goes early to bed—but Miss Brewis caught a glimpse of her slipping out of the house a short while afterwards. She spends the night in the hostel, but is out early, and is back at Nasse as Lady Stubbs for breakfast.

"Again she spends a morning in her room with a 'headache,' and this time manages to stage an appearance as a 'trespasser' rebuffed by Sir George from the window of his wife's room where he pretends to turn and speak to his wife inside that room. The changes of costume were not difficult—shorts and an open shirt under one of the elaborate dresses that Lady Stubbs was fond of wearing.

"And so the final drama was staged. Just before four o'clock Lady Stubbs told Miss Brewis to take a tea tray down to Marlene. That was because she was afraid such an idea might occur to Miss Brewis independently, and it would be fatal if Miss Brewis should inconveniently appear at the wrong moment.

"Then, choosing her moment, she slipped into the empty fortune-telling tent, out through the back and into the summerhouse in the shrubbery where she kept her hiker's rucksack with its change of costume.

"She slipped through the woods, called to Marlene to let her in, and strangled the unsuspecting girl then and there. The big coolie hat that had hidden her face she threw into the river, then she changed into her hiker's dress and make-up, packed up her cyclamen georgette dress and high-heeled shoes in the rucksack—and presently an Italian student from the youth hostel left by the local bus as planned.

"Where she is now I do not know. In any case, it is not for an Italian girl that the police are looking. It is for Hattie Stubbs, simple, subnormal, exotic.

"But poor Hattie Stubbs is dead, as you yourself, madame, know only too well. You revealed that knowledge when I spoke to you in the drawing-room on the day of the fête.

"The death of Marlene was a bad shock to you—you had not had the least idea of what was planned; but you revealed very clearly, though I was dense enough not to see it at the time, that when you talked of 'Hattie,' you were talking of *two different people*—one a woman you disliked who would be 'better dead,' and against whom you warned me 'not to believe a word she said'—the other a girl of whom you spoke in the past tense, and whom you defended with a warm affection."

There was a long pause.

MRS. FOLLIAT sat quite still in her chair. At last she roused herself and spoke. Her voice had the coldness of ice. She said: "Your whole story is quite fantastic, Monsieur Poirot. I really think you must be mad. . . . All this is entirely in your head . . . you have no evidence whatsoever!"

Poirot went across to one of the windows and opened it. "Listen, madame. What do you hear? The blows of a pickaxe. . . . They are breaking up the concrete foundation of the Folly. . . . What a good place to bury a body—where a tree has been uprooted and the earth is already disturbed!

A little later, to make all safe, concrete over the ground where the body lies, and, on the concrete erect a Folly. . . ." He added gently: "Sir George's Folly. . . . The Folly of the owner of Nasse House."

A long shuddering sigh escaped Mrs. Folliat.

"Such a beautiful place," said Poirot. "Only one thing evil. . . . The man who owns it. . . ."

"I know." Her words came hoarsely. "I have always known. . . . Even as a child he frightened me . . . ruthless . . . without pity . . . and without conscience. . . . But he was my son and I loved him . . . I should have spoken out after Hattie's death . . . but he was my son—how could *I* be the one to give him up? And so, because of my silence—that poor silly child was killed. . . . And after her, dear old Merdell. . . . Where would it have ended?"

"With a murderer it does not end," said Poirot.

She bowed her head. For a moment or two she stayed so, her hands covering her eyes.

Then Mrs. Folliat of Nasse House, daughter of a long line of brave men, drew herself erect. She looked straight at Poirot and her voice was formal and remote.

"Thank you, Monsieur Poirot," she said, "for coming to tell me yourself of all this Will you leave me now? There are some things that one has to face quite alone. . . ."

THE END

"Dead Man's Folly," by Agatha Christie, will be published as a book by Collins on November 5

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

Earl Ferrers treated his beautiful wife so cruelly that Parliament passed a special Act

LAURENCE SHIRLEY, fourth Earl Ferrers, was proud and bad tempered, and drink often made him violent. In 1752 he married a charming and beautiful woman whom he used so cruelly that Parliament passed a special Act granting her separate maintenance out of his vast estates.

In 1756 one of his horses won an important race, and the earl retired to Staunton Harold to celebrate. Choice wines were produced and oysters sent up from London. By the time the oysters arrived they were bad. The earl flew into a rage, horsewhipped the servants, stabbed his butler in the chest with a knife, cut his head open with a candlestick and kicked him so violently that the poor man was an invalid for years.

On another occasion he aimed a pistol at his brother but misfired. Finally, he sent one day for his old land steward, who for years had faithfully served the family, and shot him dead. The earl was convicted of murder and hanged at Tyburn in 1760. On the scaffold he wore his wedding-suit of white silk richly embroidered with silver.

The Shirley family is one of the most ancient in the kingdom. Sir Robert Shirley, the fourth baronet, built the beautiful chapel — now owned by the National Trust—in 1653, and had made for it a collection of silver gilt communion plate considered the finest in private ownership.

He had the altar cloth and pulpit drapery made from the velvet vestments of Archbishop Laud of Canterbury, who was executed at the start of the Civil War. Over the West door of the chapel is an inscription recording its founding by Sir Robert, who did "the best things in ye worst times."

Sir Robert, a zealous Royalist, was imprisoned by Cromwell in the Tower of London, where he died in 1656, not without suspicion of poison.

Before the first World War, a strange Sunday ritual was observed at Staunton Harold. At five minutes to eleven, the tenth Earl Ferrers, wearing tailcoat and top hat, would solemnly walk between two moving processions of servants behind a footman carrying the chapel key on a black velvet cushion.

After the service, the chaplain was locked in the chapel, where luncheon was taken to him, until it was time for evensong.

How to get there: Staunton Harold Chapel is five miles from Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire. *Open:* May to October, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, 10.30 till 12.30 and 2.30 till 5.30, or dusk if earlier.

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(Tournament winner will be announced in JOHN BULL next week.)

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

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4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated October 20), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final, and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, October 6, for early news of No. 2,057 result.)

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